



# Maya Merchandising

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**David Likely**

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**HAMMER'S HALLS OF HORROR** Volume 2, Number 11, August 1978 issue.

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# ENEMY FROM SPACE

...prologue

WE'LL FIND  
HELP SOON, CHRIS...  
...TRY TO HOLD  
ON...

WATCH  
OF CHRIS...  
CHRIS...

SKREEEE!

AAAAAH!

WHAT THE DEVIL'S  
GOING ON? YOU TRYING  
TO KILL & RUIN YOURSELF?

HE'S DELIRIOUS...  
...I COULDN'T  
HOLD THE CAR.

WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO HIS  
FACE?

HE WAS BURNED  
BY THESE SHOVES!

STONES? THEY COULDN'T  
BURN HIM...  
AND I'VE NEVER  
SEEN A BURN LIKE THAT  
BEFORE!

WE WENT FOR A  
PICNIC ON WINNIERDEN  
PLATS, BUT THE GOVERNMENT  
HAVE BUILT SOME  
SORT OF FACTORY  
THERE...

AS WE WALKED  
WE HEARD A  
FALLING SOUND...  
CHRIS PICKED ONE  
OF THESE UP...  
THEN...HIS FACE...

I'M A SCIENTIST!  
I'LL GET THEM ANALYSED  
BUT FIRST LET'S GET YOU  
BACK ON THE ROAD...

BUT AS THEY STRUGGLED  
WITH THE CAR...

NO! GET OFF  
ME! GET  
AWAY!

AFTER HIM!  
HE MUST BE  
SUFFERING  
FROM  
SHOCK!

NO! NO!

GOOD  
GODS...HE'S  
LIKE A MAN  
POSSESSED!

# ENEMY FROM SPACE

(QUATERMASS II)

A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION

Starring  
**BRIAN DONLEVY**...Professor Quatermass  
**JOHN LONGDEN**...Lemax  
**SIDNEY JAMES**...Jimmy Hall  
**BRYAN FORBES**...Marsh  
**WILLIAM FRANKLYN**...Brand  
**VERA DAY**...Shields  
**JOHN VAN EYSEN**...Public Relations Man

Directed by VAL GUEST. Produced by ANTHONY HINDS. Screenplay by VAL GUEST & NIGEL KNEALE from the BBC TV series by Nigel Kneale. 85 mins. 1957. Released by United Artists



LAST SUMMER NIGHT, AT AN ORIGINATOR, SCIENTIST MARSH AND BRAND WERE TRACKING SOMETHING DIVISUAL

WHAT ARE THEY? METEORITES?

NO... TOO LOW... AND TOO SLOW.



GONE! WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THAT?

EITHER THE SCANNER'S PLAYING UP AFTER BEING RE-SET... OR THEY'VE HIT THE BARTH!



IF THEY LANDED IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE... ABOUT NINETEEN MILES NORTH OF US...

HILLS, MOORLAND, MARSHES... LET'S TRY A LOWER SCAN...



BUT NEXT MOMENT...

WHO SET THE SCANNER SO LOW? THIS IS A MAJOR DISCOVERY! THERE'S NO TIME FOR YOUR OWN EXPERIMENTS!

Script: Steve Panchouse

Art: David Lloyd



THEY WERE ON GUARDANCE OF BEING CLOSELY WATCHED...



REACHING THE CREST OF A HILL... THEY SUDDENLY SAW...

THE MOON PROJECT?

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

BUT THOSE COMES...

HEY, LOOK... ON THE GROUND, ALL AROUND US... THE METEORITES?

LOOK AT THIS ONE... IT ISN'T EVEN CRACKED... BUT IT'S VIBRATING?

SUDDENLY...

BOOF!

MARSH... YOUR FACE! THERE WAS SOMETHING GRABBING ON YOUR FACE! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

MARSH!

HE NEEDS MEDICAL HELP?

GO...NOW...

HELP ME GET HIM INTO THE CAR... HE'S BACK...

HEY! WHAT THE... WHO ARE YOU?













# MEDIA MACABRE

## FILM SCENE news

### De Palma delights

Good to see Brian De Palma pursuing his friends George Lucas and Steven Spielberg to the top of the box-office charts with his new movie. While *The Fury* is, perhaps, a less satisfying experience than *Carrie*—at times it seems to be something of a telekinetic sequel—it's drawing major money as its American release, rapidly topping such box office giants as *Cleopatra*, *Saturday Night Fever* and *The Godfather Part II*... with *Come Running* a poor fifth.

Not that the Stateside Catholics like it. The U.S. Catholic Conference's Films and Broadcasting Review heavily slapped De Palma for the film's "violence, its unremitting depiction of bloodshed and its affront to human dignity... an aging couple trapped in a crime-ridden environment and obliged to care for a disabled mother as comic relief."

For *The Fury* John Farrow scripted his own novel, with enough gaps in believability to make you want to read his book [good gimmick, that] and the music is by John Williams.

### País Inc.

Steven Spielberg on Brian De Palma: "I'm interested now in doing some films which are unique and experimental—and very personal. While I'm doing that, Brian De Palma will go out and make a big, trashy epic that we'll all love—then, he'll resent his own success and he'll go out and make a small movie. Then, I'll go back and make a trashy epic. Hopefully, we'll be able to laughing and make some good movies inbetween."

In Brian's case, we're sure *The Fury* is not one of them—it's not trashy, but it's not his best

either. We hold out for greater expectations for De Palma's *Demoniac Men*, which should put him at last, where he should be: level-pegging with Lucas and Spielberg and not trailing behind them.

### Satanism strikes

Wey, but way behind De Palma in Hollywood, is director Gus Trikonis (ex-husband of Goldie

Hawn). Once out, most of Cronin's guests are wasted by electric shock, fire-shock or just plain shock.

Almost gagging amid the screams, TV's wildest villain, Victor Burns, alias Mr. Schabert from *The Man From Atlantis*. Only this time out, he actually is the Devil. Sounds ridiculous, I know, but it works. If caddy George Burns can play god, why not over-caddy Burns in *Satan*?

Marcelle Mastroianni has the title role, Vittorio Gassman is Dante. Also included in the mélange, Jessica Lange—her first movie since *King Kong*.

### Romero/Argento

According to Titano's Films of Rome, the George Romero-Dario Argento got-together, *Dawn of the Dead*, will now be called *The Zombies Are Coming*.

### Butchery

One to miss—Andy Milligan's movie, *Legacy of Blood*. This one boasts an all-starlet cast and 82 minutes of relentless, unabated blood-letting of the worst order. Milligan has to accept all the blame—and none of the credit. He wrote, photographed, produced and directed the film.

There is, of course, the thought that Milligan felt he was really going one better than, say, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Let's put him straight—he wasn't. Didn't, and I doubt if he could. His premise is so old sucking-the-will time, with all the family being butchered and disemboweled in turn.

But as yet, I've not heard one angry word about the abysmal film from the U.S. Catholic Conference people. Although the censorship only makes headlines when they hit a winner!

### Italian style

There are times when it would seem that Italy alone is continuing to make horror vehicles. Latest winner in American cinemas is Alberto De Martino's *The Tempest*—very much a case of *The Exorcist* meets *The Dawn with music* by Ennio Morricone.

### Choice cuts

The grisly French thriller, *Choice Cuts*, which has become rather a hobbyhorse of mine lately—it's rather like a first draft of *Come*—has raised its ugly head again. French director Jacques Garry tells us the film rights of the *Boileau-Narcejac* best were last held by Italian



Hewn). He's improving though. His new release, *The Evil*—previously listed here and shot as *Cry Demon*—is a neat 89-minute piece of terror, not too far removed from the style and power of *Madison's Legend of Hell House*.

Psychologist Richard Cronin and his wife, Joanne Pettei, are the couple leaving the house in question, under which floorboards is a satanic spirit waiting to be

As one American critic was moved to report, he sets a new standard for a rarely-depicted character.

Rarely depicted this way, that's for sure. Or until...

### Fantasy satire

Ben Kanabi himself, Sir Alec Guinness could be the next actor to play God—with Robert Powell reprising his TV Jesus—is a new Italian fantasy. *Papa Satan*.

# MEDIA MACABRE

producer, Alberto (1986) Grimaldi.

Indeed, Derry goes farther and says it's one film that he'd really wanted to make, but missed out on. I'm not surprised; the story is a cracker—a gallivanted French gangster being pressed back together again by his gang. "I was really very keen on it," says Derry in Paris. "I still think about the script . . . and I'm still available to do it if anyone happens to let me."

Personally, I'd prefer to see George Romero or John Carpenter tackle it. But at least the property doesn't seem to have died completely since Hollywood dropped it years ago. Watch this space.

## Corman Mayhem

There's life in the old dog yet: Roger Corman may have switched image of late (by releasing lugger Bergman films and even Liz Taylor's assassination of *A Little Night Music*) but you'll be pleased to know that his heart is still in the right place. However, Chicago didn't much go on his latest typically old-Corman-style double-bill: *Easten Alive* and *Devil Times Five*. The towns refused to have the films seen by under-18-year-olds.

The *Devil* movie, first released four years ago, has five kids fleeing a mental hospital and creating considerable havoc—murdering folk by feeding them to zombie fish. *Easten Alive*, which sounds more like a subtitle for the other film, starred Mel Ferrer and Carolyn Jones in a plot of an ex-keeper, murdering his folk by feeding them to his pet crocodile. *Death Trap* resulted?

## The Unexpected

Britain's Anglia Television is entering the currently thin TV world of 'strange stories with a twist in their tail'.

Twenty-six of them, all based on the wonderful short stories of Roald Dahl in a series called *Tales of the Unexpected*. Patricia Neal, Mrs. Dahl, will introduce the shockers, being filmed all around the world.

First in the can are *Men From*

*The South*, starring TV's Capt. News, Jose Ferrer—and Dip in the Pool with stalwart English actor Jack Watson. Locations for these two include Jamaica and the Greek islands.

## President of Make-Up

New president of the 23-year-old Society of Make-Up Artists in Hollywood is John Chambers—an Oscar-winner for his clever

18th Century Portugal and America, but Lanthier calls it a very contemporary study. "The hero, Katar, becomes a vampire to give himself time to look for the secret of eternal life." Which sounds something of a whimper, considering vampires seem to have that secret; hence their label of the un-dead. Lanthier goes on, "It's a film about magic, vampires, murder".

So is his next one . . . is a way

good on such a tiny budget) is a Luch Ness after, which popped up out of a lake in Colombia and ate nine people in 1971. The film was first reported as going into production very back in HoH number one!

## Czech mete

Conchoklenko is the heavily selected location for Werner Herzog's new version of the golden vampire odyssey, *Nosferatu*. His stars remain the same as first announced almost a year ago: Klaus Kinski and Isabelle Adjani. But since Herzog's continual visit in the forefront of the new German wave of directors, 20th Century-Fox have decided to back and release the film.

## Seven titles to Atlantis?

Following up on HoH 21 & 22, the making of a fantasy film, from A to Z. The film was originally titled *Atlantis* (see HoH 14, *Media Macabre*). As George Pal had given us *Atlantis: The Lost Continent*, we MGM in 1961 a title change seemed in order. So, the movie became *7 Cities to Atlantis*. Then the TV series *Men From Atlantis* flopped on the ratings and US distributor of *7 Cities*, Columbia, got in touch with EMI in Britain to say that no way did they want the film to seem connected with a recent Fox TV series. So EMI (Britain) came up with a new title, *Warlords of the Deep*. Great, plenty of zap . . . and, to avoid further chaos, we'll temporarily forget AIP's 1965 *War-Gods of the Deep* (which, after all, was the American title for the Vatican Price starring *City under the Sea*).

But . . . Columbia suddenly made a last minute decision. They remembered they'd just released a blockbuster entitled . . . *The Deep* (with a more than slightly similar title style). What EMI (Britain) thought was a good title-in, Columbia/Peter Benchley (US) didn't like.

They've decided to accept the worst of two evils. No, not *7 Cities to the Deep*, but now *Warlords of Atlantis*.



*Is he released soon, The Dark, a Film Fantasy movie. Directed by John Bad Colin, starring William Devine, Celia Lee Grady, Richard Jussell and Emma Ryan.*

monkeying around with Roddy McDowall and others in *Planet of the Apes* . . . plus *The Island of Dr. Moreau*.

## Heroic vampires

"The vampires will be good for a change. That's the message of Paris producer Bernard Lanthier, winner of the film-rights of the Pierre Klost novel, *Vampires from Africa*. The book is set in

Young Men With a Long Knife will be the latest updating of Britain's greatest unnamed killer—Jack the Ripper.

## Bogote monster

The indefatigable John Carradine will have busy down Bogota way making a million-dollar *Monster* movie with Kenneth Wynne and Glenn Milburn. The monster (which can't look that

## THE SHOUT

Review by John Brosnan

Most films can be placed into categories—westerns, thrillers, melodramas and so on—and *The Shout* can only belong in the "Mysterious Stranger" category. There have been many films, books and plays about a mystery figure (usually a man) who appears from nowhere and disrupts either a small community or just a single family. Ambiguity is usually the key note in such stories—in the stranger a threat or a blessing? Good or evil? A madman or a creature of the supernatural? These questions are rarely resolved but by the time he leaves, disappears or whatever, he has irrevocably caused profound changes in the lives of the people he has visited.

In *The Shout* the mysterious stranger is Alan Bates, who has had similar roles before ( . . . in the plays of Harold Pinter and in *Whistle Down the Wind* where he was a confectioner-the-rat mistaken for Jesus Christ by some children), but never with such demonic energy. Bates is Charles Crossley, a dark, brooding man who invites himself to lunch at the home of Anthony (John Hurt) and Rachel (Susannah York) one Sunday afternoon and then refuses to leave. He convinces Anthony that he has the power to kill insects with a shout, something he learned while living with the Aborigines for eighteen years.

Once upon a time people in movies used to go to Tibet to learn mystic secrets but now the Australian Outback has become the "in" place for supernatural activity, thanks to films like *Picnic at Hanging Rock* and *The Last Wave*.

After Charles gives Anthony a demonstration of his power on a remote Devon beach, where he produces a sound not unlike that of a jumbo jet that has sheep dropping dead and birds falling out of the sky, Anthony is understandably terrified of him and later stands helplessly by as Charles openly seduces Rachel. But eventually the worm turns and Anthony uses Charles's own energy against him—Charles believes that his soul is hidden in a certain rock and when Anthony locates the rock and breaks it, Charles collapses in agony, a moment that coincides with the arrival of the police to arrest him for the murder of his children.

What lifts *The Shout* out of the ordinary "Mysterious Stranger" category is the De Caligari-like framing device that the film utilizes—the story is told in flashback during a bizarre cricket match held between the inmates of an insane asylum and local villagers. Charles, who is obviously an inmate, recounts the story himself to outsider Robert (Tim



*Spectacles and players run in terror from the hellfire screen. Inset: Alan Bates giving a demonstration of *The Shout*, a living screen he learnt from Australian Aborigines*

Curry of *Rocky Horror Show* fame) while they keep score for the match. As we see Anthony playing in the town, and later see Rachel in a nurse's uniform, one is led to wonder whether the whole story is just a fantasy that George has created based on people he has seen around. Or if part of the story was true, then which part? Or was it part of Anthony's fantasy? Or Rachel's? The film-makers certainly don't go out of their way to provide any definite answers, nor does the film's climax shed any light on the situation when, during a thunderstorm that disrupts both the match and the mental stability of several of the inmates, Charles gives another demonstration of his shouting power. Death results, but was it simply caused by a bolt of lightning, and was the scaring sound just a T-87 passing overhead? Or does George really have the power? We'll never know . . . and we're not supposed to. The film has been deliberately made as a puzzle which can be interpreted in any number of ways.

*The Shout* is Britain's official entry at Cannes this year and is so damned clever, it seems as if it was designed for showing at a film festival. Director Jerzy Skolimowski (who co-wrote the script with Michael Austin) has packed the film with so many poisonous visual symbols that there's hardly room for anything else—glass breaks significantly, mirrors are shattered, bones gleam in the sun, an insect is

ritualistically squashed against a pane of glass, a horse almost knocks Rachel off her bike, a bird flutters helplessly in a kitchen and so on. *The Shout* contains even more Significant Moments per minute than Nicolas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth* (it's probably no coincidence that the cameraman Mike Molloy originally trained with Roeg on such films as *Walkabout*). As the outrageous Beef exclaimed in *Phantom of the Paradise*: "The Karma's so thick around here you need an aqua-lung to breathe!"

*The Shout* boasts an excellent cast, marvellous photography, and breathtaking locations but basically I think it's an over-inflated film . . . and by the time you read this it's probably won the Grand Prix at Cannes.

## THE SHOUT (1978)

Alan Bates (Crossley), Susannah York (Rachel), John Hurt (Anthony), Robert Stephens (Chief Medical Officer), Tim Curry (Robert), Julian Hough (Vince), Carol Drinkwater (Cobbler's Wife), Nick Stranger (Cobbler)

Produced by Jeremy Thomas. Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski. Screenplay, from Robert Graves, story, by Michael Austin and Jerzy Skolimowski. Music by Rupert Hine. Photography by Mike Molloy. Edited by Burke Vince. Make-up by Wally Scheidtmann. Paravision Eastman Color. Time 87 min.





# THE LAST WAVE

Review by Henry Aldrich

While *The Shout's* use of aborigine tribal magic and legends acts as little more than a mysterious unseen origin for Alan Bates' power, possibly a reality—possibly a fantasy, *The Last Wave* leaves no doubt.

Impossible to categorise, *The Last Wave* is a frighteningly sincere disaster movie in many ways. Sincere in that Aborigine tribal leader, Nandjwarra Arraguli, MBE, only consented to appear in the film in order to bring to wider public notice a greater understanding and appreciation of the spiritual tradition of his people.

The plot concerns David Burton (Richard Chamberlain), a happily married Sydney lawyer, defending four aborigines in what appears to be a straightforward murder case. Yet the film actually opens with the

first of its various weird events... an arid desert area near Sydney is suddenly attacked by a storm of fire-streaked hailstones from a cloudless sky.

As the film progresses, Burton's sane, orderly world becomes totally bizarre, as he witnesses black rain, dreams of the city being totally underwater and has recurring nightmares involving one of the four aborigines on trial, Chris Lee (David Gulpilil, star of *Storm Boy* and *Walkabout*).

But by last, Burton finds himself becoming more and more involved in the aborigines' tribal magic, and discovers that the murder was a ritual killing, done by "pointing the bone" at the intended victim who had broken tribal law. But Burton soon realises



that his part is the whole affair is much greater than merely being Defence Attorney for the tribe.

Following his dreams of mass death and destruction, Burton is staggered to hear from his father, a minister of religion, that as a child he had often dreamed of the future... and his dreams had always come true!

Fearfully, Burton explores his dreams to the tribal leader, Charlie (Nandjwarra Arraguli), who believes him to be a resurrection of an almost god-like leader of a previous white civilisation that was destroyed by a giant tidal wave.

Unable to accept this, Burton is taken to underground caves beneath the city where wall paintings tell of the disaster, paintings done possibly thousands of years ago. But here he also learns the staggering truth of his dreams, in a production made about his own present white society.

Panicking, he runs from the caves and, at the end of underground tunnels and sewers, emerges on a city beach. As he staggers out the sky darkens and he realises his eyes to see the terrifying truth come about.

A totally gripping film, far superior to its producers' (Hal and James McElroy) and director's (Peter Weir) previous *Cas* that *Alie Paris* and *Plenk At Hanging Rock*, *The Last Wave* creates a strong mood of baffling tension and fear at its onset and maintains it throughout its 106 minutes right up to the climax, which successfully brings together the whole mystery in one staggering revelation.

An excellent film, highly recommended, as is the paperback novelisation—despite its somewhat unimaginative cover.

## THE LAST WAVE (1978)

Richard Chamberlain (as David Burton), Olivia Hammett (Anne Burton), David Gulpilil (Chris Lee), Nandjwarra Arraguli (Charlie), Frederick Pardoll (Rev. Burton). Produced by Hal and James McElroy; Directed by Peter Weir; Screenplay by Peter Weir, Tony Marphett and Peter Popescu from an original idea by Peter Weir. Distributed (in Britain) by United Artists. No U.S. distributor at time of going to press.



Top Left—Richard Chamberlain as David Burton—a man with questions. Top Right—Gulpilil as Chris Lee—a man who may have answers. Directly above Charlie (Nandjwarra Arraguli) above Burton the axe with which he would have killed him, had Burton failed the tribal test of wills.

# KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS



Review by Alan Jones

**K**ingdom of the Spiders is yet another attempt by nature to take revenge on mankind. This time it's the turn of the local tarantula population of the small Arizona town of Verde. The farmers in the area have been using a lethal pesticide that has been killing off the spiders' natural food source, so the vengeful arachnids start attacking their livestock first, the residents second, and pastures now third, leaving behind the town covered in a huge alien web.

Only the glossy photography disguises the very thin, and now very hackneyed, plot. Otherwise it's '50s clichés all the way and unless you have a fear of arachnids, the only source of amusement is hearing the banal dialogue, counting how many incredible plot coincidences there are, or watching the actors (who are supposedly trying to kill off the encroaching spiders) do everything but step on them or hurt them while trying to brush them off their clothing. Obviously the spiders had a money-back guarantee or they were

intelligent enough to form a union!

The film also poses the question, *Would William Shatner have ever been heard of if it hadn't been for Star Trek?* The answer has to be No, not that he's any worse than the rest of the cast, who were probably chosen more for their ability to handle the eight-legged creatures than their ability to act.

However, director John "Bad" Cardos has taken over from Tobo Hooper on the new film "The Dark", so somebody somewhere must like him on the strength of this offering.

Quite honestly though, you've seen it all before in films like *The Birds*, *Frogs* and *Spirits* and there would be no reason to see

it all again except for the fact that, in Great Britain, the film goes out with a far superior film, *The Redeemer*.

#### Kingdom of the Spiders (1977)

William Shatner (*Rocky Horror*), Tiffany Bolling (*Blame Ashley*), Woody Strode (*Walker*), Colby, Althea Davis (*Black*), Louis Drucker (*Exorcist*), David McLean (*Shogun*), Nancy Lafferty (*Terry*), Screenplay by Richard Robinson and Alan Calton, Directed by John Cardos, Produced by Henry Foxman, Distributed by Enterprise Pictures. Time: 90 mins.



and takes his place in the local church choir. The priest sermonizes about the Seven Deadly Sins and intercut with this are scenes of three men and three women getting ready for their class reunion. After arriving separately at the school hall, they realize that no one else has been invited. Too late they discover they are locked in and the first of a series of six murders is about to occur: all perpetrated by a figure, sometimes dressed as a clown, at other times dressed like the Grim Reaper, but always calling himself the Redeemer.

Who is he and what does he have to do with the opening scenes concerning the priest and Christopher? Just when you think the film has run out of steam and is about to become predictable, Goehs packs a punch and surprises everyone by the explanation. The murders are unusual, starting and frighteningly well acted by the unknown cast, one of whom has the amazing name of T. G. Finkbinder, and another, Gyr Patterson, is a dead ringer for Sissy Spacek.

Two films then from Denton Productions, both released in Great Britain by Enterprise Pictures Limited. Denton Productions were also responsible for last year's *Baby* and have another film called *The Devil Cat* starring Donald Pleasence and Nancy Kwan about to be released. Out of the two directors involved in this particular double bill, however, I'll be looking forward more to the next film from Constantine S. Goehs than I will from John "Bad" Cardos.

#### The Redeemer (1977)

Darren Knight (*John*), Jeannette Arnette (*Carol*), Nick Carter (*Terry*), Nikki Barthen (*Ann*), Michael Hollingsworth (*Roger*), Gyr Patterson (*Kennel*), T. G. Finkbinder (*The Redeemer*), Christopher Flint (*Christopher*), Screenplay by William Vorellik, Directed by Constantine Goehs, Produced by Sheldon Tromberg, Distributed by Enterprise Pictures. Time: 83 mins.

# THE REDEEMER



*The Redeemer* is an extraordinarily good exploitation film, that is only similar to *Kingdom of the Spiders* is that it takes its concept from the more recent trends in the genre. Apart from that the difference is enormous, as director Constantine S. Goehs weaves ideas from *The Omen* and *Carré* with a lot of imagination, freshness and originality.

The story should not be totally given away as it is meant to intrigue and perplex which is one of the reasons why the film works so well. If you are constantly trying to figure out what exactly is going on, you won't notice the fact that *The Redeemer*'s surprises aren't really all that unique. Suffice it to say that a young boy called Christopher rises from the depths of a lake

# ENEMY FROM SPACE

## Part Two

MEANWHILE, BACK AT SCOTLAND YARD, REPORTER JIMMY HALL WAS LOOKING FOR A STORY...

COME ON, SERGEANT... YOU MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO FILL A COLUMN...

SORRY, JIMMY... THE TOWN'S GONE STRAIGHT TONIGHT.

HOW ABOUT YOUR SOADID LIFE STORY?

QUATERMASS WILD DRIVEN MAD AND FAST...

I WANT TO SEE LOMAX... MY NAME'S QUATERMASS?

WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE?

HAVE YOU THE AUTHORITY TO MOUNT A LARGE SCALE EMERGENCY ACTION?

AGAINST WHAT?

I WAS THERE WITH BROADHEAD AND AN OFFICIAL PARTY TODAY... I BARELY GOT OUT ALIVE! THE OTHERS WERE TRAPPED!

MURDERED?

INFECTED... WITH THE SAME THING THAT STRUCK MARSH

THE SAME MARK?

I DON'T KNOW... THEY MAY BE RELEASED WITH THE INFECTION... HUNDREDS MAY HAVE GONE SO ALREADY...

WHAT DOES BROADHEAD THINK?

VINCENT BROADHEAD IS DEAD... HIS BODY EATEN AWAY BY CORROSIVE SLIME!

SHOCKED BY QUATERMASS'S STORY, LOMAX DECIDED TO TAKE IT FURTHER...

I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU, COMMISSIONER... A MATTER OF TOP NATIONAL SECURITY!





THEN LOMAX  
SAID SOMETHING  
THAT PAID HIS  
BLOOD...

IT'S, ER...  
THE DRAMMO  
CASE, SIR...  
...WE...

NATIONAL  
SECURITY?  
LOMAX'S A  
COMMON  
CRIMINAL...  
DON'T SEE THE  
CONNECTION.

NO, SIR.  
I WAS...ER...  
MISTAKEN!



I THINK I'LL TURN  
TO CRIME... MUST  
BE EASIER THAN  
REPORTING...

A  
REPORTER?

MEANWHILE,  
BACK IN LOMAX'S  
OFFICE...

BRAND  
QUATERMASS  
WIRE... WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
WITH YOU?

BUT THEN...

THE COMMISSIONER  
... HE HAS A MAJOR  
LIKE YOU DESCRIBED  
... ON HIS HAND!



WE'VE TRACED  
THE SOURCE OF  
THOSE THINGS TO AN  
ASTEROID ON THE  
DARK SIDE OF THE  
EARTH!

KEEP  
TRACKING  
IT 'TIL I GET  
THERE!



WE'VE GOT TO  
MOVE **FAST!** WHO  
KNOWS WHERE ELSE  
THEY'VE INFILTRATED!



QUATERMASS?  
I'VE JUST REMEMBERED  
THE NAME... HE'S THE  
ROCKET FELLOW... HEY  
WHAT'S UP? SOMEBODY  
HI-JACKED A ROCKET!

NOT NOW,  
JIMMY... YOU'RE  
BUSY!



COME ON, JIMMY.  
I'VE GOT THE SCOOP  
OF YOUR LIFE... A  
STORY THE WHOLE  
WORLD SHOULD  
KNOW!



AND SO...  
AT THE  
OBSERVATORY...

THE THINGS  
THAT COME FROM  
THAT ASTEROID ARE  
PARTS OF A MULTIPLE  
ORGANISM... SEPARATE  
INTELLIGENCES WITH  
A SINGLE CONSCIOUS-  
NESS...



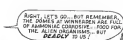
THEY CAME IN THEIR  
OWN ENCAPSULATED  
ATMOSPHERE OF AMMONIA  
... WHEN IT BREAKS,  
THEY DIE!

UNLESS  
IT ENTERS AN  
ORGANISM THAT  
CAN LIVE IN OUR  
ATMOSPHERE  
... LIKE A HUMAN  
BEING!



THEIR POWER MUST  
NOW HAVE MULTIPLIED  
A MILLIONFOLD, JIMMY.  
WHILE ALL THIS GOES  
THE WORLD MUST KNOW!

I WANT TO  
SEE THIS PLANT  
FIRST... AND THE  
PEOPLE WHO WORK  
THERE!





AAAAAH!

BOOF!

GUTERMAS!  
LOOK! THERE'S  
HUNDREDS OF  
THOSE THINGS  
COMING DOWN!

THAT'S WHY  
THE GUARDS ARE  
HERE...WHERE'S  
JIMMY?



THE MORE JIMMY'S AND CHANCE...  
AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO  
LOSE THE SPY OF A LECTURE.

...CREATING  
CONFUSION AND  
FANG IN THE  
LITTLE VILLAGE  
OF WINNERDEN...

EVEN IF IT WAS THE  
LAST STORY OF  
HIS LIFE TIME...



AAARGH!



VROOOM!



LET'S GET TO THE  
PLANT! WE CAN  
HELP JIMMY NOW!



AMONGST THE COMPLEXION, GUTERMAS AND  
JIMMY SLIPPED INSIDE THE PLANT...

LOOK...THOSE  
TANKS MUST CONTAIN  
WAS FOR THE ORGANISMS.  
THEY COULDN'T HAVE  
METEORITES AND PUT  
THEM INSIDE!



YOU'RE RIGHT...  
LOOK, THEY ARE  
FLEEING FROM  
INTO THAT DOME!



LET US IN!

WE WANT TO  
KNOW WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
HERE!

BUT GUTERMAS  
HAD BEEN  
FOLLOWED FROM  
THE VILLAGE...





HEARING A NOISE  
BEHIND THEM,  
BRAND TURNED...

MY GOD...  
KAASH!

FIVE...  
FOUR...  
THREE...

REALISING THE  
DANGER, BRAND  
THREW HIMSELF  
INTO THE LINE OF  
FIRE...

AAAAH!

AND WITH A  
DEAFENING  
ROAR, THE  
UNARMED  
ROCKET  
NEAVED  
ITSELF  
FROM THE  
GROUND...

IGNITION!

YATATTATTA!

LOOK AT THAT...  
SOMEONE'S FIRING  
A FLARE!

THAT'S NO  
FLARE! IT'S  
THE ONE THING  
THAT CAN SAVE  
US... AND ALL  
HUMANITY!

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
OUT THERE?

I DON'T LIKE IT,  
QUATERNASS...  
THE FIGHTING'S  
OVER... THERE'S  
NOT A SOUL AROUND  
... NO BODIES...  
NOTHING!

SSSSSSSS!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S  
THAT?

THE PIPE'S  
CRACKED... DON'T  
WORRY... IT'S  
ONLY OXYGEN!

THEY'RE  
TRYING TO BLOCK  
THE OXYGEN...  
FROM INSIDE  
THE DOME!

BLOCK  
IT'S WITH  
WHAT?

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
DRIPPING...

IT... IT'S BLOOD!

HUMAN POOL  
MY GOD... THEY'VE  
KID YOUR FRIENDS  
TO THE THINGS IN  
THE DOME...

THAT'S IT!  
IT'S TIME WE  
BLEW THIS PLACE  
APART!

WAIT! DON'T  
RISK IT... THERE  
ARE MORE OF  
THEM THAN YOU!

DEAR TO QUATERMASS  
WARNING, McLEOP'S  
ONLY THOUGHT IS  
REVENGE...



WE'RE  
GONNA GET  
YOU, YOU FILTHY,  
MURDERING  
PIGS!

AND TOO LATE, THEY  
REALISE THE FULL HORROR  
THEY HAVE RELEASED!



AND AT THAT  
MOMENT, BALK  
AT THE PLANT



GET OUT!  
IT'S AFTER THE  
AMMONIA!

NEXT MOMENT,  
THE SKY  
ERUPTED WITH  
UNEARTHLY  
LIGHT... A HUGE,  
SOUNDLESS  
EXPLOSION...



LOOK  
OUT!



HELP  
ME...

WHAT  
...WHAT  
HAPPENED  
WHERE  
AM I?



LOOK...  
THE MARK IS  
RAPING...

HOW ON EARTH  
DO I MAKE A  
FINAL REPORT  
ABOUT ALL THIS

AND  
I WONDER...  
HOW FINAL IT  
SEALLY IS!



THE  
ROCKET!  
IT MADE  
IT!

The End

As mentioned in recent months, we tend to avoid features on fantasy and horror film festivals in *HOLL*. Simply because there are so many of them springing up. Some time ago, Christopher Wicking, Terence Fisher, Freddie Francis and Dez Skinn were invited to Sitges, Spain for the 9th Fantasy Film Festival. The whole event (backed by the town council to promote Sitges as a tourist resort) turned out to be pretty indescribable.

For the 10th such festival, *HOLL* regular Denis Gifford was chosen to single-handedly represent the British Isles. Admirably, he has managed to put to paper the whole experience, not so much as a review but a warning, in a feature he has entitled...



# Ten Days of TERROR

**E**VEN a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night, may become a Juror of the Festival Internacional de Cine Fantástico y de Terror when the wolf howls beneath the Andalusian moon is bright. If it happened to me, it could happen to you, so 'twice the annual envelope with the Espinosa stamp that flutters incessantly onto the doormat. Although I may have done mine to deserve this doom than most, with five books on horror films under my belt, not to mention *The Golden Age of Horror* series for this very magazine (issues 2-12).

By the end of the ten-day week (Spanish Summer Time has a tendency to slip as the day drags on) lunchtime at half-past two, thirty screenings starting close to midnight. I would know better, and know them better, these men with great declaratory names like Horacio Cabré-Magallon, Joaquin Coll Espinosa, and Pere Serrano. I saw *Like a Lover* (see *The Wolf Man*, 1941), each here his hidden Muck of the Pentagon. Each was not as everyday as he seemed.

Horacio (pronounced "Hoo-ah-thro"), the only one of us to comply with the dress regulations, was officially killed as an Exorcist from France-Press. He was actually an Argentinian gentleman married to the daughter of one of our own ex-Ambassadors. Joaquin (pronounced "Hwah-kween") a sartorial rebel whose open-necked shirt hung outside his trousers at even the most formal of occasions, was not the Producer Espinosa as listed, but a full-blown film director. He insisted on showing us his latest picture to prove it (that day the two-thirty lunch slipped back to three-fifty five).

Antonio Soler, a curly-haired little man in specs, was not the Exhibitor Espinosa as proclaimed, but, as he pointed out with pride, an Exhibitor Catalan. Only the previous week Catalonia had been granted autonomy, and celebrated its renaissance by forcing us to eat huge piles of Pan-y-Tornat (tomatoes on toast) before every meal, and Creme Catalan (creamed custard) after.

Senior Soler books films for a chain of two cinemas in Barcelona, where the all-time box-office record is held by Peter Cushing in, of all

things, *Corruption*. Perhaps it was the title that hit home to the Barcelonians? Soler was the Jury's spokesman for the average overageer his (and their) type of film is that which has made the Capitol, Barcelona, known locally as "The House of Guilt".

Pere Serrano (who sounds like an alternative sweet to Creme Catalan) had a secret, too. Although we never partook of a

the most notable and variable of us all. He was Dario Argento, Realizador Italiano, who had won the Grand Prix last year at the Ninth Festival with his *Profondo Rosso* (Deep Red starring David Hemmings).

There were 34 features and sixteen shorts spread over the Festival, which meant, we started at nine-thirty after a quick coffee and croissant, and ended at around two in the



Top left: The poster artwork for the 10th Sitges Fantasy Film Festival. Above: A murderous scene from *Cranenberg's Rabid*.

discussion or a meal without his marshalling presence, Pere was not on the Jury at all. With a neck as best as Lugosi's Ygor, and a cumber clutch of fantastic design, it came as no surprise to discover he was the Secretary of the Festival Fantastico. Also, satisfyingly, he was the local doctor!

The Presidente of our Junteo, starchy as a Zombie with an engaging pageboy bob, was

morning. Then it was all down to the cocktail bar for another two hours of horror: tomatoes on toast and a soggy of fruit cup so red that one suspects there must be a Tomato Mountain in Catalonia. By the Tuesday, I had broken out in spots, ripe red ones of course, while poor Piotr Smulkin, a frail enough director from Poland, had taken to his bed, a mere shadow of his former skeleton. Although we



Above: Mexican monster movie, *El Espejo de la Bruja*. Below left: Alfred Pahl and Piero Cullini from *Teniente Dracula*. Below right: Christina Rivers in a scene from *The Sentinel*.

had all avoided water (stuff so foul that it even penetrated my Aquafresh), by applying the best Basil Rathbone techniques we deduced that the reviewer had got us!

It was said to be such one-time honourable B-movie stalwarts as Murray Close and Ferrer, Stuart Whitman and Carolyn Jones, grubbing for pennies by appearing in this class of film. It became increasingly sadder as the week wore on, as bygone heroes slithered through shoddy dross. Steve Brodie actually starred in *The Giant Spider Invasion* (reviewed in *Hoff 12*)—even Moviemart knew better than to allow him to star. Sue Lyon, Jess Franco and John Cassavese all turned up in *Crash!*, a Charles Band Production that combined the current car-crashing syndrome (slow motion pile-up a perquisite) with a little fantasy about mad-control. Richard Baschant and Glenn Graham were revived to co-star in *Mission of the Doomed* (see *Hoff 13*), another Charles Band now entering on another favorite blood-soaked syndrome, eyeball plucking. This one, though, a pure Forties B-stuff, with a refurbished poverty-row plot: mad doctor (once it

was Lugosi, now it is Baschant) removing folk's eyes to graft them into his hated daughter. Just like Lugosi, however, Baschant keeps his victims in a cage in the cellar. Of course, one day they get out.

Talking of eyeball plucking (the squarish may skip this paragraph), actual eyeball plucking was but one of the many delights shown in a German documentary, *Vuige al Nucleo de la Demencia*. It seems psychiatric handlers and hypnotists, their patients, pull out their eyes, pop off marionettes with their fingertips, and pop them back in the sockets without pain, anaesthetic, or anything. The trouble with this kind of anecdotal cinema is that it is the audience that needs the anaesthetic. I am sort of proud that I was the only member of the jury left in the jurybox when the lights went up. Sort of proud, even I had to take my glasses off and watch unfocused as the healer actually knicked a hole in a woman's body, poked out her liver, squeezed a damned karp out of it, and stuffed it back in again. I won't tell you that he managed the hole until it not only closed up but disappeared, because you

won't believe me. Even I find it hard to believe that I actually saw a witch doctor levitate himself, upright, three feet off the ground, and float there, stilly, for minutes. But I did. I think. Yes, I did.

The intriguing thing about this kind of film is that it sends audiences reeling from the cinema, while jaded-as-eyeball removal will often fetch a round of applause. The same reaction was noted back in 1932 when Tod Browning used real freaks in his unique *Freaks*, and again in 1977, at the Festival, when Michael Winner brought on his real freaks at the end of *The Sentinel* (reviewed *Hoff 10*). This film, derivative as it is, and unsatisfactorily scripted and developed, was nevertheless one of the best to be shown in competition (it is a comment, of course, that a film of its obvious subterfuge should have failed to net any prize at any previous Fantasy Festival). We were virtually obliged to give it a prize of some sort, although none of us actually liked it. In the end we gave it the award with his appearance in *Burnt Offerings* (see *Hoff 11*), another Festival entry. Old *Burgess* is quite a stalwart of horror films these days, and is deservedly busy after his years in the wilderness for his political leanings, back when he was a B-movie hero for Paramount Pictures.

What else did we see? I've mentioned the anything/else, the gouging of eyes, the mangling of *Crash!*, and deftly avoided the gore. There was cannibalism, of course, and in *The Hills Have Eyes* a wild family, evidently descendants of Sawney Bean the Marston, ambush a trailer and abduct a baby for Sunday roast. This film, an updated reworking of almost every wagon-movie western you ever saw (plus a trace by dog straight out of *Lamia Case Home*), was just the stuff for "The House of Gore", according to Senior Sides. According to the International Film Critics, too, who give it their own special prize.

Some of the films we saw were good, perhaps even excellent, but our judging job was harder than we had imagined for. All the best films seemed out to be either left-overs shown in the Information Section or Retrospective (shown in the Retrospective Section), never *Competition* (shown in the *Competition*). There is a few at the F.I.A.P.F., a film festival organisation to which *Sigra* subscribes, as unamiable as the





Above: The Festival Jury in varying states of consciousness and attire. Left to right: Denis Gifford, Horacio Cobral, Darío Argento, Antonio Scler, Joaquín Coll Eixens and Pere Sanromà. Below: A scene we'd rather not describe again, from *Viejo Al Mundo De La Desencanto* (see review on facing page).

law of Doctor Mercou ("Not to eat meat, that is the law", which is one that I wish I had along too). Their law runs "Not to win twice, that is the law", which means that if a film has won anything at any other Festival Fantástico, it cannot be entered in another. And so, Sighe, coming at the end of the annual calendar, is left with—if not the bottom of the barrel—scraps more than halfway down.

So there was no prize from us for *You're a Widow, Mister*, from Czechoslovakia, which would surely have won the *Fantástico* the Best Actress Award for her delicious performance, or performance, as a well-endowed body made from real who is continuously switching personalities as Brian transpirent succeds from transpirent. I won't go into the plot complications, but the film opens with the fantastic *dansenbermet* even.

No prize either for Peter Cushing, a catch for the Best Actor Award with his magnificent MacGragor, a reluctant movie monster, in *Yankee Doodle* (see *Holt 11*). It has taken the witty French to restore the worn old Hammer Frankenstein to his full power. The castle settings, whether the weary film star has withdrawn to restore romance to the world, are the

best since *Dance of the Vampires*, and thanks to Cushing, the film is an even more successful horror-comedy than Polanski's.

Sadly, also, there could be no prize for Isoburo Honda, whose monster rally of Godzilla, Gappa, Rodan, Varan, and their pals, had Darío Argento cheering in his chair for *Jernon of the Monsters*. There were all too few members in fact, for my taste, in this *Festival de Fantástico y Terror*. Also too little *Fantástico*, too much *Terror*. Science fiction was conspicuous by its absence, while blood ran red all over the screen and down the aisles. Things may be better next year, when the influence is bound to be Star Wars. This year the film are still in the pull of *The Exorcist* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Indeed, Tebe Hooper struck back with a follow-up to his first success called *Death Trap* (reviewed in *Holt 16*), as shoddy a cash-in as any "Son of" ever was. Neville Brand, looking and sounding for all the world like Deryck Gaylor on an off day, runs a mad-shack hotel in the swamps, anything unlikely guests like Mel Ferrer through the neck (which it go in one side and out the other! See him try to pull it out!) and forcing them alive to his pet crocodile.



What a film to open a Festival with! The Spanish audience, as unknown quantity to me until this moment, instantly endorsed themselves to my heart by loudly booing *Death Trap* off the screen.

Other moments that have burned themselves into my memory include the crucifixion and legion of live, naked ladies—a regular feature of El Encuentro, from the Argentine. I hated this, until our Argentinean juror told me that it was a symbolic film of the political situation in his country. Then I hated it even more.

The torture scenes in *Les Week-ends Malefiques* du Comte Zanolli, or what the everyday office worker puts up to at the weekend (especially if he owes an old cattle in the country), were not only unpleasant, they were ludicrous. Unhappily the handsome man I had been sharing the hotel lift with all week turned out to be Comte Zanolli himself—not only actor, but writer and director. Stuck for an award for Best Photography, the Jury gave it to the Comte. Darío and I both abstained: avoid the audience!

The Grand Prize of the Festival (interestingly it is awarded to the director) went to Dan Carlin for *Burnt Offerings*, which had us on the edge of our seats. Karen Black, who played Oliver Reed's wife in the film, won our Award for Best Actress, although to be honest she had little competition.

The Award for the Best Screenplay we gave to David Greenberg, the Canadian writer-director up from television. He made the very exciting *Rabbit* (see *Holt 16*), shot in three weeks on the streets of Montreal with an excitement that makes *Location of the Body Snatchers* with Paul in the Streets. Our pet director, Sanromà, had had some experience with rabbits and was full of praise for the unrelaxed attacks. So we gave the Special Effects Medal to the man responsible, Al Greenwood.

The short films were generally poor, save for an Italian cartoon about a man and his swimming-pool, which hardly seemed to qualify as *Fantástico y Terror*. Our award went to Bogdan Zilber of Yugoslavia, who made a night little thriller called *A Journey*. This is a mini-Bitchcock train ride in which everybody waxes, not just the lady!

I managed to make my own minor mark in the Festival by writing in a Special Mention for Mexico, "for their contribution to the history of the horror film". Mexico, rather than Richard Boucher's thrust, was for me the eye-opener of the entire event. As the only early-to-mid member of the Jury I had been able to see, at long last, some of those legendary Mexican horror films hitherto only known in English through the pages of *Holt* magazine ("Mexican Monsters", issues 4 & 5). Abel Salazar, having his finger in the 1957 *El Vampiro* and shrinking into a big black ball, his John Carradine knocked into a cocked hat. And *El Espanto de la Bruja*, with its witch-like housekeeper and her magic mirror, and its heroine with her severed hands, has to be seen to be believed.

If the National Film Theatre doesn't programme a season of Mexican monster movies, I shall go and throw tomatoes at the screen. On toast.

—All of which takes some following. But one good thing (other than Denis's chance to see *El Vampiro*) that came out of the Sighe Festival was our opportunity to chat with Jerry Cherman Darío Argento. Our recorded interview follows.

In **HoH14**, we reviewed *Suspiria*. In **HoH18**, *Deep Red*. Both by Italian director/writer/designer Dario Argento. Following earlier reviews of *Night of the Living Dead*, *The Crazies* and *Martin* (**HoH3**, 6, 14), we then interviewed their director, George A. Romero in **HoH15**.

Both top horror men have now teamed up to make *Dawn of the Dead*, so, in answer to your letters, and to put you totally in the picture, we now present the following.

# BEFORE THE DAWN

## An Interview with Dario Argento

**D**ario Argento is currently the king of the Italian thriller. His latest movie *Suspiria* (reviewed in **HoH14**) was met with mixed feelings by the critics, as his films combine uneasy suspense with shock tactics and a liberal sprinkling of gore.

Argento's career began when he landed a job with the Rome newspaper *Popolo Nuovo* as their film critic. Shortly after, he began writing scripts for movies including Sergio Leone's *Once Upon a Time in the West*, for which film—along with *Bonobacci*—he also prepared the total storyboards.



Scorning formal filmschool training, Argento followed in the footsteps of such other luminaries of the movie world as Steven Spielberg, George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola and moved from criticism straight into making his own films. He made his debut with a full-length feature film called *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (1969). Interesting to note that the "Bird with the Crystal Plumage" motif turned up in the later film *Suspiria* when, in the gripping climax, Jessica Harper knocked an ornamental bird from a table then used one of its crystal feathers to put an end to the Black Queen of Witches, Elena Markof.

The following interview by our Belgian correspondent Gilbert Verschotten (editor of the fine Belgian horror magazine *Fantasy*) took place at the Siges festival in which Dario Argento talked about his influences and their effect on his approach to movie-making.



**Hoff:** You were quoted in *House of Hammer* 14 as saying that your main influences have been the German expressionist cinema in general and Fritz Lang in particular. . . .

**Argento:** Yes. I studied the expressionist school thoroughly, although I don't know to what extent I was influenced by it. But I liked what Fritz Lang did—not only Lang, who was undoubtedly the greatest, but other German directors as well. In my latest film *Suspiria*, I used expressionistic architecture, strange camera-angles and things like that. It was my way of paying a personal tribute. **Hoff:** Another influence seems to be Mario Bava, especially his *Blood and Black Lace* (*Sei Donne per l'Assassino*, 1964).

**Argento:** I was writing reviews at that time, between 1964 and 1968 and I remember very well that I wrote one about that film. I had seen and analysed all of these movies when they came out, but it should be remembered that this horror film movement was rather short; it only lasted for five or six years and there were not that many films either. Nobody talked much about these works then, they were considered to be purely commercial and even a bit vulgar. Nobody seemed to notice that a kind of revolution was going on: for the first time in Italy some non-realistic films were being made. That was very important. Only the younger critics fully understood this, but as we wrote very ruthlessly and rather complicated criticisms, we were not much appreciated in our country. We took into consideration the different aspects of a film and tried to pursue a political, technical and personal approach, not just limiting ourselves to storytelling or saying something about the actors.

**Hoff:** Can we speak of a direct influence, then?

**Argento:** I think my films are personal to me. I produce them, write the script and the music, design the sets and the costumes, etc. I want them to reflect my personality and my ideas. This is quite essential to me. **Hoff:** Why are your movies so gory?

**Argento:** Because I make violent movies, and because the blood is an inseparable part of them. It is a means of expressing yourself, while you can obtain some very expressive and even aesthetic effects with it. . . . I am attracted to violence as it is a typical phenomenon of our time. Violence is a new form of protest, a refusal of all the established values. The time for gentle protest in past and hard action takes over now. Violence is also, to a large extent, a way of communication.

**Hoff:** In several of your films the murderer is a woman. Eva Renzi in *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (*L'Uccello dalle Piume di Cristallo*, 1969), Mimsy Farmer in *Four Flies on Grey Velvet* (*Quattro Mosche di Veluto Grigio*, 1971), and in both *Deep Red* (*Profondo Rosso*, 1975) and *Suspiria* (1976). **Argento:** Maybe there is a very simple explanation: I work much better with female than with male players: they are the

better actors, they react in a more emotional way and let themselves go. And they are more obedient, too. . . . Men do not respond in the same fashion. And as the assassins are very important characters in my films, you can understand why I turn them into women. At least I think that is the reason.

. . . You know, it's difficult to analyse all these aspects very rationally. I make my films in a kind of hypnotic state and afterwards it's not always easy to explain why you did certain things.

**Hoff:** How are your films received in Italy?

I installed mirrors to get an indirect light which is much softer than the natural exposure, as they absorb some of the glare. This allowed me to change the complexion of the actors. I also used an old Technicolor 40 ASA film, rather than the current 500 ASA one.

**Hoff:** *Suspiria* is in fact your first fantasy film up to now, your other achievements being merely thrillers. Will you continue in this direction?

**Argento:** I think so, yes. *Suspiria* represented a kind of challenge to me as it is impossible



Facing page: Dario Argento himself, deeply expressed in reading *Hoff* 14. Plus a scene from Argento's latest thriller, *Suspiria*. Above: A terrified and non-soaked Jessica Harper about to face the nightmare events of *Suspiria*.

**Argento:** I can't complain. People write a lot of things about me these days. My first movies were very unusual for Italian audiences, since they were in fact experimental ones and there had not been many attempts within that genre in Italy. I like to apply new things in the field of technology, music, mixing and that kind of stuff. For example, I often use strange cameras. In *Four Flies on Grey Velvet* I used a certain camera manufactured in Eastern Germany, that had been sent directly from Berlin allowing a speed of 30,000 images per second! In merely two seconds, it consumed an entire reel. That was incredible, it is really the camera of the future! In *Deep Red* I employed a telephoto micro-camera usually used for purely medical purposes, existing only in Hollywood. It permitted the camera to enter an actor's mouth which could be followed on a television screen. You could accomplish breath-taking camera-movements of one centimetre that created unbelievable effects. . . . In *Suspiria*

to employ realistic methods for a film that is not realistic by definition. So I invented very unusual colours and had sets built like the ancient gothic cathedrals in Germany. . . . I got the permission to shoot in Erasmus's house in Freiburg, where he wrote his *Allegory of Madness*, as well as in the Munich Barheim where Hitler gave some of his addresses. . . . The large square where the blind man is killed by his dog is the famous Koenigsplatz in Munich, another memorable place of pilgrimage for the Nazis where the hidden monsters and ghosts are still present. It is the curse of the environment which made the dog kill its master.

**Hoff:** Can political opinions also be read into your other films?

**Argento:** It is quite inevitable that political ideas pop up in my movies as politics are a reality of everyday life. But this happens in a very spontaneous way. . . . It is only natural, as I said before that a film will reflect the personality of its maker.

**Hoff:** Do you improvise on the set?



**Argento:** I do in the sense that the actors know when it will be their turn and what specific scene they will do. I arrive on the set, have the lighting settled in the necessary way and then I say, for example, 'We shoot scene 22'. I like the spontaneity that can be obtained that way. Of course the players have to know their lines, but that is all I always do my films that way. When an actor knows exactly when he will be on it becomes mechanical and all the emotion is lost.

**Hoff:** Did the famous actors with whom you have worked accept this treatment?  
**Argento:** Better than that. They reacted superbly, because they like new things and have never worked like that before. It was the younger actors who objected, they have only one certain method of acting, and when you take away that method nothing is left. They don't have the experience to do other things. Take Tony Musante in *Bird with the Crystal Feather*. The first day he was completely lost, but after a short period of adaptation everything went very smoothly. And I think he gave one of his best performances in that film.

**Hoff:** Is that the reason why you cast older stars?

**Argento:** I always do the casting with the special requirements of a certain part in mind and so far as the casting is concerned, I am not limiting myself to what is happening in Rome, but also in Paris, London, Berlin, Hollywood and so on. This evidently results into a more international cast.

**Hoff:** Did you cast Joan Bennett for *Suspense*?

**Argento:** Yes. I know her very well, since she appeared in several of Fritz Lang's films. She was also his wife, as you know, and a great actress. I went to New York to

see her. She had grown older, but I tried to make her appear as she did in *Siebert Street*, *Beyond the Door* (GB title: *The Devil Within Her*) etc. I put a patch on her, made her use the same lipstick, the same black eye lashes, I tried to achieve the same colour of her hair, to make her look like she did for Lang, thirty years later. As a very distinguished woman of the world.

*Above: Jessica Harper in a deathly struggle with the incarnation of evil, following (below, facing page) the death of her friend (Stefano Cassi) in a room of razor-sharp coiled wire. Below: David Hemmings narrowly escapes death at the hands of the mass murderer in Deep Red.*



**Hoff:** How was the make-up of the *Suspense* witch done?

**Argento:** That was no make-up at all! For three months I looked for the oldest woman I could possibly find in Rome for the part and tested several dozen of women over 100. Eventually I found what I wanted, an incredibly old creature, the oldest person I ever saw in my life. It was terrible, I really sensed an impression of



physical horror. She was very good in the film, although she was of course not playing a part in the usual sense of the word. And for the part of the man-servant I wanted a madman, a real fool from an asylum. I started searching for one, but the Italian law prohibits the use of them. So I looked for a man who was mad, without being locked up. I discovered one in a post-office, when I was mailing a postcard. He had a terrible look and awful teeth. And during the shooting he even made propositions to the actresses!

**Hoff:** What was the budget of *Suspiria*?

**Argento:** *Suspiria* cost one billion Italian Lira, almost two million dollars: a lot of money, for sure! But it was not a film that was shot in four weeks, and I think everybody will see that. The shooting in Germany and Italy lasted 15 weeks.

**Hoff:** And your other films?

**Argento:** *Deep Red* took 12 weeks, the others between 10 and 12. Time is a very important aspect in my films. I always have a chronometer at hand and an assistant always gives me the exact time of each of the actors' movements. I want my films to be rhythmic and as I already have an idea of the music that will be used in the movie, everything has to be carefully timed. I already did this in the very first film I directed. For *Suspiria*, I wrote the music beforehand, and had it played on the set to inspire the players' gestures. It was as if the film existed already.

**Hoff:** You have a project under way with George Romero. How is the cooperation going on?

**Argento:** We wrote the script of *Dawn of the Dead*, as the film will be called, together, it is now being shot in Pittsburgh. He is directing it and I wrote the music and act as the producer.

**Hoff:** His approach is entirely different from yours.

**Argento:** We are old friends and know each other's work very well. I think the result will be very interesting. It is really *Night of the Living Dead* revisited in 1977, with all the technical knowledge that became available in the meantime, only much colder and much harder. It is as if ten years later he is remaking his own film. But the finished product will be very different, as his ideas have changed very much during this time.

**Hoff:** Isn't it unfortunate that Romero never succeeded in detaching himself from *Night of the Living Dead*?

**Argento:** Why that film he made his masterpiece. So why should he do other things? It was a small production, made with little money, but with plenty of ideas at it. Romero is a Cuban, and he knows the Caribbean zombie theme very well: it's part of his culture. This explains the exceptional strength of the film. Maybe it is not a masterpiece, like any own films are maybe not masterpieces, but they are interesting and have something to say. I think that's essential.



## The Films of Dario Argento

**The Bird with the Crystal Plumage (1969)**  
(Italy: L'Uccello Dalle Piume Di Cristallo)  
With Tony Musante, Suzi Kerrish, Eva Renzi, Umberto Raho, Enrico Maria Salerno, Mario Adorf and Renato Romano.

Written and Directed by Dario Argento.  
Director of Photography Vittorio Storaro.  
Art Direction by Daria Mielelli, Edited by Franco Frattolillo, Music by Ennio Morricone, Sound by Carlo D'Amico, Produced by Salvatore Argento, A Seda Spettacoli/CCC Production.

**The Cat O'Nine Tails (1971)**

(Italy: Il Gatto a Nove Code)  
With Karl Malden, James Franciscus, Catherine Spaak, Oreste de Cidaris, Carlo Alighiero, Vittoria Cosma, Pier Paolo Capponi, Corrado Olmi, Tina Turner.

Written and Directed by Dario Argento from a story by Dario Argento, Luigi Collo and Daria Mielelli, Director of Photography Ennio Morricone, Art Direction by Carl Levi, Edited by Franco Frattolillo, Music by Ennio Morricone, Sound by Luciano Asorletti, Production Manager Angelo Leone, Produced by Salvatore Argento, A Seda Spettacoli/Mondial Film/Terna Produzioni/Laborator Film Productions.

**Four Flies on Grey Velvet (1971)**

(Italy: Quattro Mosche Di Velina Grigia)  
With Michael Brandon, Mitzzy Farmer, Jean-Pierre Marielle, Francesca Ricetto, Bud Spencer, Gialino Calati, Maria Fabbri, Ornella Lionelli.

Written and Directed by Dario Argento from a story by Dario Argento, Luigi Collo and Mario Poggioli, Director of Photography Franco Di Giacomio, Art Direction by Ennio Morricone, Edited by Franco Frattolillo, Music by Ennio Morricone, Produced by Salvatore Argento, A Seda Spettacoli/Universal Film Production.

**The 5 Days of Milan (1973)**  
(Italy: Cinque Giornate)

With Adriano Celentano, Enzo Cerio, Maria Tolo, Sergio Gassman, Luba de Santis, Carla Toso, Giacomo Quarzo.  
Written and Directed by Dario Argento, Director of Photography Luigi Ravelli, Edited by Franco Frattolillo, Produced by Salvatore Argento.

**Deep Red (1975)**

(Italy: Profondo Rosso)  
David Hemmings (as Mario Dally), Daria Nicolodi (Gianna Brezzi) with Gabriele Lavia, Michela Merli, Enzo Pagni, Giuliana Calandra and Nicoletta Elmi.  
Directed by Dario Argento, Screenplay by Dario Argento and Bernardino Zapponi, Director of Photography Luigi Ravelli, Edited by Franco Frattolillo, Music by Giorgio Gaslini and The Goblins, Makeup by Giuliana Lazzarini, Produced by Claudio Argento, Executive Producer Salvatore Argento, A Seda Spettacoli Production.

**Suspiria (1976)**

Jessica Harper (as Lucy), Stefania Casini (Sara), Flavio Bucci (Daniele), Miguel Bosé (Mark), Lido Kier (Frank), Rudolph Schander (Prof. Miller), Aldo Velli (Alan Tanner), Joan Benoit (Alice Black).  
Directed by Dario Argento, Screenplay by Dario Argento and Daria Nicolodi, Director of Photography Luciano Tovoli, Production Design by Giuseppe Nattali, Art Direction by Maurizio Garone, David Bessie and Ettore Fiorentini, Special Effects by Giuseppe Nattali, Makeup by Pierroline Meccari, Edited by Franco Frattolillo, Music by Dario Argento and The Goblins, Sound by Mario Dell'Isola, Sound Effects by Luciano Asorletti, Produced by Claudio Argento, Executive Producer Salvatore Argento, A Seda Spettacoli Production.

# UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE SEEN BEFORE!

The 3-Dimensional Movie



Feature by Tise Valkenag

The phenomena of the Stereoscopic motion picture (3-D film) was one of the most short-lived of inventive movie phases.

1953 was the year that the 3-D film actually had a life of its own; it was, at the time, intended to usher in a sparkling new period for the ailing motion picture industry. However, its period of activity was over so quickly that one might have wondered what the commotion was all about—had the process not excited and annoyed movie audiences, as well as instigating a complete change in American film production and exhibition.

The 3-D film was not an invention of the post-war American film industry—its history is almost as long as that of Cinema itself. Lumiere had produced "dimensional" short films as early as 1903, and the interest in stereoscopic "views" continued through the 1920s and '30s. By the end of the 1930s, colour 3-D shorts had been produced in America and Germany. However, the problems involving the red/green colour process, the dual projector synchronization, and the polarized filters and glasses—although producing excellent images—were too great to make the system popular with exhibitors and general audiences.

The years following World War Two saw a sharp decrease in movie audiences. The late Forties and early Fifties were the threshold years for the decline of the great old Hollywood Studio motion picture industry. At first there were the "witch-hunt" trials played out by the House Committee On Un-American Activities, investigating "subversive influences" in the film industry. Then there was the most monstrous threat of all—Television.

The growing prominence of the big TV networks in America caused great rumblings in the movie industry, as well as through the hallowed halls of the Radio media. TV was attracting the audiences that, only a few years before, had filled out the movie-theatres. The drive was now on to draw back and sustain the public's interest in motion pictures; a new gimmick was needed, something that could compete with Television yet could not be easily reproduced by it.

Motion picture technology started work on something "new" to bring back the falling audience figures—the "new" thing that started it all was *Cineama*. Opening on September 30, 1952, in New York, *This is Cineama* created something of a commotion initially but still failed to set the ball rolling. *This is Cineama* did, however, lay a path for all the future visual and screen processes. The failure of *Cineama* was due to the actual operation of exhibition itself, theatres had to install new equipment, triple projectors, etc., and all this technical conversion meant money. It also meant that once the movie-theatre was converted enough to be able to handle the

process it could not readily revert back to screening the majority of films available.

The 3-Dimensional "effect" that *Cineama* gave was really the foundation-stone for the actual 3-D explosion; already early 3-D shorts were being brought out of the vaults for a new "amusement". Milton L. Ganzberg, along with his optometrist brother, had developed a vastly superior 3-D process, and with this he formed the Natural Vision Corporation. Ash Oboler, long-time producer and director of the *Lights Out* radio show, joined forces with Ganzberg and started production on *Beans, Devil!*—utilizing the new Natural Vision 3-D process and the 3,000 feet of film that Oboler had shot in Africa some years before.

The fundamental stages of the 3-D

process used in the early Fifties first appeared during the early Twenties. This process was called the *anaglyphic method*, and involved two separate images for both left eye and right eye to be projected at the same time and superimposed on the screen. In order to make out the overlapping images on the screen the viewer was required to use special spectacles which, at their most basic, had one red lens and one green lens.

The films seen in 3-D during the 1953 boom used the *polaroid anaglyphic* process. The basis of this involve two projectors with polarized filters that project on to a (literally) silver screen so that the images are superimposed. The *polaroid filter* process allows light to pass along a single line, due to the crystal composition of the filter,



Facing page: The 1961 3-D Canadian-made *Eyes of Hell* (The Monk: Paul Stevens when wearing anaglyph mask, suffers psychotic hallucinations and is driven to a dealer in murder. Above: Jack Arnold's 1953 3-D *It Came From Outer Space*, based on Ray Bradbury's "The Meteor". The London Pavilion made great play of the 3-D effects for the film's British premiere.



and the filter on the projector are set so that they project light along opposing lines. The viewing-spectacles have their polarized lenses set exactly to match the projector filters, and the result on the screen creates a large three-dimensional image.

With the use of polaroid filters it was unnecessary to employ the red/green system, and now full-colour or black & white films could be seen successfully in 3-D. Still, this form of projection caused many problems; projectors had to be synchronised perfectly, power to each projector had to be equally maintained, breaks in one film had to be matched in the other film, etc, etc.

Rated as "the world's first three-dimensional feature in colour, *Bwana Devil* was released on November 27, 1932. During its first week the film, in only one Los Angeles theatre, grossed an astounding \$100,000.

*Bwana Devil* received strong critical attack from the beginning and continued running with bad reviews, but the audience reaction to 3-D was more powerful. The plot itself was a silly jungle thriller but so popular was *Bwana Devil's* 3-D that just about every film company immediately crashed into production on their own 3-D film. The gate had been left open by Gutzberg and Oboler—and now everyone was out to join the "new" motion picture boom. Conversion of the movie-theatres to the new process was cheaper than the changes demanded by Cinema. With the threat of television constantly hovering overhead, 3-D seemed to be the great saviour of the film industry in the early Fifties. Oboler shortly afterwards sold *Bwana Devil* completely over to United Artists for an incredible \$1.75 million.

By early 1933, Warners and Columbia were in production on their own 3-D pictures, and were using Gutzberg's Natural Vision process. Warner Brothers

were remaking their 1933 *Mystery of the Wax Museum* (later as *Waxworks*)—they later changed it to *House of Wax*, Columbia, meanwhile, were going ahead with their own production, *Man in the Dark*, which was a rush-job shot in black & white.

Warners were moving into high-gear with their *House of Wax*, and were promoting it as "The first 3-Dimensional feature picture produced by a major studio!" This was mainly to deter any feelings the public may have had about the critical barge experienced by the independently-made *Bwana Devil*. *House of Wax*, directed by Andre De Toth (who, curiously enough, only had one eye and would never be able to see the fruits of his work), opened on April 10, 1953, in New York—just two days after Columbia rush-released their *Man in the Dark* in the same city.

Universal's cartoon unit announced what was to be America's first 3-D cartoon, but were beaten to the post by Disney's *Melody*—which was shot with the Disney Multiplex camera (that had been used for the production of *Snow White* some 15 years before. Eventually, there appeared a 3-D Popeye cartoon from Paramount, a 3-D Woody Woodpecker from Universal, a 3-D Bugs Bunny from Warner Brothers, and a 3-D animated version of *The Tell-Tale Heart* from UFA.

The 3-D films themselves are not an easy subject to evaluate and discuss unless one has seen them all in their original form, also hoping that most other people are somewhat familiar with the films in their original 3-D capacity. Most American 3-D films of the 1950s, on reaching Britain up to a year after initial release, were generally shown "flat".

However, even on a TV re-viewing of some movies originally made in the three-dimensional process, you can see the major "effect" elements coming through, in the horror/sci-fi films the "effect" scenes were usually of shock, while the western and action pictures featured great outdoor sequences. Both had the common denominator of things being specially thrown at you out of the screen.

*House of Wax*, for instance, is famous for its paddieball sequence using the 3-D effect. There is also the can-can girls routine kicking their legs out of the screen (and the poster advertising). Whereas Warner Brothers had the beautiful 3-strip Technicolor process utilised to a most enjoyable effect on *The Mystery of the Wax Museum*, they wanted the 3-D process with *House of Wax*. The 1933 film, directed by the powerful Michael Curtiz, is a sheer visual pleasure, but De Toth's version with Vincent Price remains dramatically superior. Cutting out the doorman's paddieball sequence and the can-can routine, and even shooting *House of Wax* "flat", would have in no way detracted from its suspense and pacing.

Columbia Pictures' *The Mad Magician* with a screenplay by *House of Wax* writer Crane Wilbur, went through practically the same routine as the Warners film—including Vincent Price as the central character, only this time as a deranged magician. Director John Brahm, with *The Mad Magician*, made a film that Andre De Toth had made better the previous year. Even John Brahm, Vincent Price, and 3-D couldn't save this one.

*Robot Monster*, produced by Astar, went on record as being the first science-fiction film released in 3-D. Both *Robot Monster* and the other Astar 3-D film, *Car*



Across these pages are two British release posters for 3-D movies, plus a scene from our *House of Wax*, starring Vincent Price (1953). The film, a remake of the 1932 *Mystery of the Wax Museum*, also featured bit-player Charles Backusky, who later changed his name to... (Charles Brown)

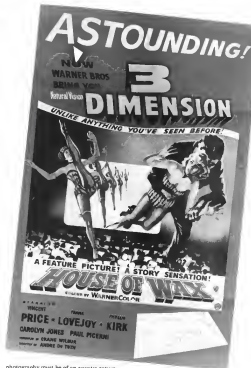
Women of the Moon, were very juvenile science-fiction packages, filmed in black & white. *Robot Monster* featured an end-of-the-world situation with a robot creature unleashing its death-ray on the populace. The aliens in *Cat Women of the Moon* appear as a bevy of Hollywood starlets masquerading as "cat girls." Both these pictures, on release in Britain, were shown "flat".

The Moon, from Allied Artists, was a spooky tale about a moonman who is in fact a large, 2000-year-old frog (!) This is the dark-secret premise that this film revolves around—however, the monochrome atmosphere sustained through director William Cameron Menzies' production design is quite effective. Most of the action takes place in a gloomy old castle, but Menzies made marvellous use of perspective design and eerie camera angles.

Warner Brothers followed up *House of Wax* with the 3-D colour *Phantom of the Rue Morgue*, directed with some excellent moments by Roy Del Ruth. This time Karl Malden was playing Vincent Price and, though lacking an drive, created quite a disturbing character. The three-dimensional excitement in *Phantom of the Rue Morgue* was mostly in the things leaping out of the screen "effect"—mainly consisting of the hand-from-the-side-of-the-frame variety—and any effective moments contained in this film are provided by Del Ruth's "effects" rather than by the script.

*It Came From Outer Space* was the first of the Universal black & white 3-D films. All three Universal productions—which include *Creature From the Black Lagoon* and *Revenge of the Creature*—were guided by the competent hand of director Jack Arnold, though his *Creature* films will appear as the best of this trio. Based on Ray Bradbury's treatment, "The Menorah", *It Came From Outer Space* made elementary but interesting use of the desert landscape, as well as a couple of things whizzing out of the screen, and a few sudden zoom-in shots, for 3-D. Some good perspective camera angles are also featured, using a corridor, a mine-shaft, and the seemingly endless desert highway. However, overused shots of the reactor landing/heaving straight at you/taking-off become quite boring after a while.

The first *Creature* film *Creature From the Black Lagoon*, offered much more by way of 3-D visuals—with particular emphasis on the superb underwater sequences. The film succeeds as quite a potent horror/monster story when above the water but once we get into the lagoon, and the camera stunts subjectively peering around through the reeds and shafts of light, the visual "effects" are quite unique. Some beautiful Cocteau-like mirror shots (again from below the surface when Julia Adams is swimming slowly across the lagoon are particularly fascinating. It really went to prove that the perfect acting for 3-D



photography must be of an aquatic nature. In *Revenge of the Creature* the Gill-Man is finally captured and transported to Florida where he, naturally, escapes and creates havoc. Although quite an eventful picture, the main activity takes place on land and in an aquarium—leaving little for impressive 3-D photography. All three Universal pictures, on release in Britain, were shown "flat".

*Gorilla at Large* is fun, not only because of the lineup of interesting players, but also because the story is basically quite absurd. This picture is the work of Panoramic Productions/20th-Century-Fox, made in colour and headlines Cameron Mitchell, Anne Bancroft, Lee J. Cobb, Raymond Burr, Lee Marvin, and Warren

Stevens. The story is simply a routine murder mystery trying hard to feature the title character. However, the plot has a fairground of gadgets to play with and attempts to make use of them by implying "horror" with the 3-D process, typical of *Phantom of the Rue Morgue*, the gorilla makes more than one attempt at reaching and swinging out of the screen over the audience. The colour is quite pleasant but the players, and 3-D, are somewhat wasted.

Ivan Tors' *Gop*, on the other hand, is much more subtle with its exploitation of 3-D—in fact, it is so calm that when viewed in black & white (the original rich colour prints should be seen) the picture is

quite boring. This one is basically a spy mystery involving the take-over of a super-computer by agents and the control of the two potentially dangerous robots.

The 1961 Canadian production, *The Mask* (re-released as *Eyes of Hell*), tells of an ancient mask that induces psychotic hallucinations in the wearer and prompts him to commit murder. This film only contains "3-D sequences", and they are activated only when the mask is being worn.

Anch Oboler was back in action again in 1966 with *The Bubble*, which he had written, produced, and directed. The story concerns three lost people who come across a small town which, they soon realize, is under the control of aliens. However, Oboler's picture—made in the new Spacevision process—wasn't released until 1975, and then it was retitled (for American release) as *Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth*.

There was a 1968 Spanish production, *Frankenstein's Bloody Terror*, released in 1971—it was shot in 3-D and 70mm but probably shows "flat". The story is too outrageous to relate (despite the presence of Paul Naschy), and the film's only two points of reference are that *Frankenstein* has no relevance to the plot and illustrator Gray Morrow worked on the Art Design.

Andy Warhol's *Flesh for Frankenstein* comes in, unfortunately, with the crop of gorg/splatteration films that utilized 3-D. *Flesh for Frankenstein*, intended basically as a satire on the horror genre, succeeds with its use of 3-D as a most noxious component in conveying scenes of bloody corpses and bloody transplants. In this context it is more of a "gimmick" than the rocks-and-arrows-flying-out-of-the-screen stuff that was being produced in



*Above: Another scene from Eyes of Hell (The Mask), 1961. Below: The 1954 3-D Fox film, Girls At Large, featuring Cameron Mitchell, Ann Bancroft, Lee J. Cobb, Raymond Burr, Lee Marvin and Warren Stevens. It followed the traditional pattern of murderer duped by monkey-suit, the twist being the murderer is female this time.*

the '60s. However, the film—as a film—has too many good and enjoyable areas to be dismissed merely as a silly example of 3-D moviemaking.

The phase of the 3-D film disappeared as fast as it arrived in the early Fifties—the reasons behind its sudden decline are two-pronged.

The constantly changing financial and technical problems that plagued the viewing and exhibition of 3-D films eventually proved too much for both theatre-owners and audience. Theatre-owners had to

continually put up with bickering from projectionists' unions, increasing costs of installation and modification of equipment, costs involving the distribution of viewing-spectacles, etc. Audiences, too, were annoyed and inconvenienced by the ring cost of admission, steep projection and bad synchronization, discomfort of the viewing-glasses, and damaged prints.

The other major reason behind the fall of 3-D movies was the introduction of CinemaScope (first seen with *The Robe* in late 1953), and other widescreen processes. Most films made in 3-D that saw release in 1954 were finally shown "flat" and have never been seen in 3-D.

A single-strip 3-D film process had been developed but was kept under wraps for too long, leaving CinemaScope to grab the public's attention and offer them a wide-screen film almost like 3-D but without the discomfort of special viewing-spectacles. CinemaScope also had its use in combating the great surge of Television by having a frame-rate too wide to easily project on the TV screen. In fact, CinemaScope films—even when eventually bought by Television—gave TV insurmountable problems for many years with unsuitable telecasting.

However, the great heyday of 3-D movies was over, and the film industry had little regret at its passing. Although Oboler's Spacevision is apparently the most perfected 3-D process to date, being far superior to the products of the early Fifties, its system has hardly been used in recent years. There are occasional "exploitation" 3-Dimensional films made, usually in the soft-core pornography field, but their real popularity has yet to be created. It certainly would be a pleasure to see another "explosive" 3-D revival.





# Rosemary's Baby

by John Fleming  
ON the evening of 5th June 1968, Senator Robert Kennedy had supper at a Malibu beach-house with Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate. Then he went on to the Ambassador Hotel to be shot.

By July 1968, the world was facing a major crisis: there was an international shortage of circus clowns. It was no laughing matter. That same year had seen the killings of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, strikes and a students' revolt which took France to the brink of civil war; student riots in Germany and Italy; a pitched battle between Vietnam War demonstrators and police outside the US Embassy in London; the death of Flower Power.

The clown crisis was easily solved. Ringling Bros-Barnum & Bailey opened the world's first school for professional clowns. As for those other problems, the world needed a new saviour. And that is just what film director Roman Polanski provided. In June, a full-page advertisement had appeared in *Variety*:

"Rosemary... Guy... The Brandyford... the girl... the dead girl... the neighbors... the friend... the dead friend... the nightmare... the doctor... the vicious nightmare... the other doctor... the trash... the baby... poor baby... whose baby?... pray for Rosemary's Baby."

Roman Polanski's classic horror movie tells the story of a young girl (Mia Farrow) who is unknowingly the mother of the Devil's son. At the time, *Rosemary's Baby* was original. But it later had its own offspring. It is about a new saviour for the world (as is *The Omega*), about a monster mothered by a human (as is *It's Alive* etc); about a girl possessed by unknown forces (as is *The Exorcist*). And it was controversial. Paramount chief Robert Evans said later: "When we previewed *Rosemary's Baby* in Palo Alto, California, a woman came up to me afterwards and said: 'You should be ashamed of yourselves.' At that moment, I knew we had a hit." The (US) National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures gave it their rare 'C' (Condemned) Rating. They explained their decision:

"Because of several scenes of nudity, this contemporary horror story about devil worship would qualify for a condemned rating. Much more serious, however, is the pervasiveness with which the film makes use of fundamental Christian beliefs, especially in the events surrounding the birth of Christ and its mockery of religious persons and practices. The very technical excellence of the film serves to intensify its inflammatory nature."

This phrase "mockery of religious persons and practices" referred mainly to the dinner-table scene in which Pope Paul's visit to the UN is discussed. Other details which



Three stages of fear for Mia Farrow as Rosemary, in Polanski's classic 1968 movie

did not please the Office were that Rosemary is a lapid Catholic, her name is similar to the biblical Mary and she is told that she has been "chosen from among all women" (a direct quote from the Bible).

Producer William Castle (see *Hell* 16) claimed the film "was never intended to promote evil, but was meant to be a shocker." And Polanski had said while still

shooting it: "*Rosemary's Baby* is entertainment more than anything else I've ever done. Very exciting entertainment. It is not something which will change your philosophy, will make you think deep or anything. But it's fun—it's a lot of fun."

The US press generally agreed when it was nationally released in July. *Newsday* said Polanski had "ast-blocccocked Bloch-



cast"; *Newsweek* said Polanski was now "a director of the first rank"; and *Time* said (very oddly) "Miss Farrow is built for the part of Rosemary".

Mia Farrow's personal publicity must also have helped the film's success. Her marriage to Frank Sinatra broke up towards the end of shooting and, according to one observer, there were "more lawyers than actors peeing the floor" of the set. The book also helped, for Levin's novel was on the (US) hardback bestseller list for

weeks and weeks tied to bed-rails. Trelvyan felt it only fair (to the Strangler producer and director) that he should also cut the fantasy seduction in *Rosemary's Baby*. So a 15 second sequence was removed at which a nude Mia Farrow was tied to a bedpost and a scaly hand touched her skin.

Polanski, a British resident at the time, was appalled. "There shouldn't be censorship," he said. "It's awful. I spent four months making that film, carefully, minutely, frame by frame, days and nights together

house complained about *Rosemary's Baby*, this time publicly. "It's a teacher," she said, "an depth of depravity, mental anguish and the psychologically unbalanced, which should arouse the greatest caution." She then admitted she had never seen the film.

One person who had, though, was comedian Kenneth Williams (co-star of many Carry On films). He wrote sadly to *The Times*: "It is an unpleasant perversion . . .

The particularly nauseating version of witchcraft which it peddles wears no mask, only revelation and subtlety; one is conscious of a bleak misuse of talent and a childish obsession with cruelty."

Polanski did have a childish obsession and it was expressed in *Rosemary's Baby*: "I remember when I was 12, maybe 14, I liked atmospheres that came from closed interiors—suffocating. What I like is an extremely realistic setting in which there is something that does not fit with the real."

There had been more to *Rosemary's Baby*, though. In June 1968, a month before the film's national US release, *Variety* said it would continue to broadcast the song *God Is Dead* despite public protests in Polanski's film, shot in late 1967, Rosemary looks at the famous *Time* cover: IS GOD DEAD? In a year, the question had become a statement. In another year, Polanski was attending his wife's funeral. In under ten years, the film which the US Catholic Office had called "perverted" and "inflammatory" was on British TV.

After being "newed at a senior level within the TV service", the BBC version of *Rosemary's Baby* was transmitted by the BBC on 25th October 1976 (They had originally intended to screen it on Halloween, 31st.)

It's a long time since 1968: the year of assassinations, Vietnam, near-revolution and real fear about the future. Early in that year, BBC TV Light Entertainment chief Tom Sloan had banned comic references to Harold Wilson: "Jokes about the Prime Minister are getting too frequent and too easy." But, in July 1968, Sloan lifted the ban: "There is no longer any restriction. All I require is that the jokes are funny." The world was beginning to settle down again, people were accepting a more brutal situation and were flocking to see the new sensation in *Rosemary's Baby*.

As for Polanski, he said: "I like all horror films. They make me laugh like crazy".

#### ROSEMARY'S BABY (1968)

Starring Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, Ruth Gordon, Sidney Blackmer, Maurice Evans, Ralph Bellamy, Fanny Kelly, Elsha Carl Jr., Angela Dorrie, Janet Vlasova (Mrs), William Cortis, Tony Curtis (voice only).

Written & Directed by Roman Polanski; Produced by William Castle; Based on the novel by Ira Levin. Released by Paramount. 134 mins.



42 weeks and went on to sell two million in paperback.

*Rosemary's Baby* was a breakthrough for the horror film: a major Hollywood company (Paramount) had made a major commercial film which was a major success. This was at a time when the big money-makers were *The Graduate* and *The Odd Couple* (although 2001 had just scored a big success), when the all-time biggest was still *The Sound of Music*. Now a horror film had broken through to the mass market again. But this silver cloud had a grey lining.

When *Rosemary's Baby* was released in Britain, film censor John Trevelyan insisted on a 15 second cut in the scene where Rosemary conceives the Devil's child. The reason was Richard Fleischer's movie *The Boston Strangler*.

When *Strangler* was shown to the British Board of Film Censors (BBFC), they took specialist advice from psychiatrists. Trevelyan was told that the visuals and sounds of ripping cloth were potentially stimulating to would-be psychopathic killers and those attracted by rape. As a result, cuts were made in one scene in which cloth was ripped, a victim's legs forced apart then her



astonished—and then he (Trevelyan) comes along with abuse."

When the BBC bought the British TV rights as part of a 'film package' in 1974, that self-appointed guardian of Britain's morals, Mrs Mary Whitehouse, complained to the Corporation and was told there were no plans to show it. But, two years later, the BBC announced that they would screen the film. Again, Mrs White-

# HISTORY OF HAMMER

Part Six: Evil of Frankenstein to She 1963-1965

By Bob Sheridan

Hammer's association with Warner-Pathe began in 1963 with the release of *The Scarlet Blade* (which Columbia cleverly retitled *The Crimson Blade* when they released it in America). The film was another widescreen colour swash-buckler, written and directed by John Gilling. Featuring Laerte Jeffries and Oliver Reed, the movie had its fair share of action thrills, but was noticeably less violent than *Captain Clegg* or *The Pirates of Blood River* (see *History of Hammer part V* in *Hot! 22*). Universal distributed Hammer's last 1963 release, *Paranoid*, an original Jeremy Sangster thriller starring Oliver Reed. The film introduced a new director, Freddie Francis, to the Hammer household. Francis, though new to directing (he had only begun in 1961), had established himself previously as an expert cinematographer. In addition to the whale sequences for *Moby Dick*, Francis had shot the same ghost film, *The Innocents*. With this background, it is not surprising that Francis rapidly became associated with horror films when he turned to directing. *Paranoid* concerns a long-lost brother (Alexander Davion), believed dead, who returns to his family in order to claim his estate. Although Davion deals easily with any challenges to the authenticity of his claim, Oliver Reed (as Davion's... brother?) seems too certain that Davion simply isn't who he says he is. The answers to the plot's questions involve multiple deception, murder, an unhealthy dose of insanity and yet another fiery finale, Hammer-style.

Hammer's first release of 1964, again through Universal, was *Kiss of the Vampire*, Hammer's first real "Hammer horror" since *The Phantom of the Opera*. Once again, impressive period costuming and Bernard Robinson's magnificent production designs were trotted out to provide atmosphere for a classic tale of terror. However, this time John Elder's screenplay was original, rather than being based on any previous source. Up until then, every major Hammer colour horror film had been a remake, adaptation, or sequel. Hammer went out on a limb, compounding their risk by not including either Peter Cushing or Christopher Lee in the cast. Even a new director, Don Sharp, was used on this, his first horror film! But, by cleverly combining popular visual and story elements from their previous films with an original story and fresh talent, Hammer turned up a winner.

*Kiss of the Vampire* tells the story of a young honeymoon couple (Edward de Souza and Jennifer Daniel) travelling by motor car (it is made obvious that the car



Abuse: Hammer Vampire Doctor Ravna (Oliver Williams) is slowly killed by "real" blood-sucking bats in *Kiss of the Vampire* (1964). Facing page: Kiss Kiss Kiss: Ken Kingston, Rory Wild and Peter Cushing in two scenes from *Bill of Frankenstein* (1964).

is a very recent invention) through Bavaria. Since this is a Hammer film and not a melodrama, the couple's plans are altered quickly, and they fall under the influence of a Doctor Ravna (Noel Williams) and his family. It develops that Ravna's family and immediate circle of acquaintances comprise a cult of vampires. Strong Hitchcockian overtones emerge when Miss Daniel is kidnapped during a masquerade ball thrown by the Ravens and her husband finds that every thread of evidence that she had ever existed has been removed! In desperation, the husband turns to the mysterious Professor Zimmer (Clifford Evans), who reveals that his daughter had been vampirised by the Raven cult. Several

harrowing adventures later, the young couple are reunited and flee the area. Then Zimmer, in a sequence originally announced for *Dracula II* (released as *Brides of Dracula*), summons up a huge swarm of vampire bats, which fly into Ravna's circle and wipe out the entire cult.

As can be seen even from so sketchy an outline of the film's plot, the characters of Dracula and Van Helsing are strongly implied in the characters of Ravna and Zimmer, respectively. However, more than the names were changed. Zimmer is not the dedicated scientist that Van Helsing is; at times he seems to be a drunken old dork! His motivation in his war against Ravna is personal revenge not any crusading spirit.

using him to make the world a safer place. In a way, though, Zimmer is a more believable character than Van Helsing, in that the audience is able to relate directly to the cause for Zimmer's actions, while Van Helsing remains somewhat of an enigma. On the vampire side, neither Ravana himself nor any of his followers are presented in the traditional movie vampire style. Instead of the traditional black, white is the colour of the vampires' clothing. Ravana also makes a vague reference to some scientific experiment of his which went wrong, while this statement is never clarified, it does provide a hint as to the cause of his vampirism.

The overall style of *Kiss of the Vampire* is also different to that of the two Terence Fisher vampire films for Hammer (*Dracula* and *Brides of Dracula*). Fisher's films constantly contrast the attractive surface appeal of the vampires with the horrifying and evil acts which they perform. Don Sharp, however, gives almost no visual evidence of the vampire cult's horrific side. Instead he concentrates on the charming, civilized shaven which the cult uses, allowing the only "vampires" restraint to hint at the decadence lurking below the surface. Outside of two brief sequences in early sections of the film (and, of course, the

second film of the series. In keeping with the "softening" of the Hammer style (as in *The Scarlet Blade* and *Kiss of the Vampire*), Frankenstein's personality as Evil makes the title seem a bit of a lie. For the only time in the entire series, Frankenstein is treated as a hero!

A major influence in the film seems to have been the fact that it was the first Hammer Frankenstein film to be made for Universal, who held the copyright on the makeup design originally used on Boris Karloff in the 1931 *Frankenstein*. Thus, while original makeups had to be devised for the first two Hammer Frankenstein, *The Evil of Frankenstein* allowed Roy Ashton to devise his makeup design around the "classic" Frankenstein appearance. Kiwi Kingston, an Australian wrestler, appeared as the creature wearing what appeared to be a pile of potato sacks sewn together into a makeshift suit. And, while his makeup suggested that which Jack Pierce had originally created for Universal three decades earlier, the Hammer version, not surprisingly, leaned more toward stiches and scar tissue. Unfortunately, access to Universal's makeup did not inspire Hammer to attempt a stronger

characterisation for Frankenstein's creation, in fact, the creature in this film is less "human" than in either of Hammer's first two outings, with Kingston shuffling about mindlessly.

The film's script indicated that Anthony Hinds was becoming more and more interested in the theme of supernatural retribution. Frankenstein and Hains return after a long absence to the Baron's castle, which has been destroyed by the local populace and robbed of its valuables by the burgomaster and the Chief of Police. Attempting to regain his possessions, Frankenstein is officially banished from the area under penalty of death. In the nearby mountains, the Baron and Hains discover the body of the creature frozen in a block of ice. As Frankenstein reveals in the film's flashback, this creature was his first successful experiment. It escaped and was pursued into the mountains and shot by the police. When its body fell, no one was able to find it... until now. When Frankenstein thaws out the creature and brings it home, he finds that it is alive, but unresponsive to any stimulus.

Frankenstein turns in desperation to Zoltan (Peter Woodthorpe), a greedy



violent climax). Sharp relies on mood, suspense, and unexpected plot turns (the disappearance of Miss Daniel) to take the place of the expected visual horrors. And the elaborate "rules" of vampirism, as laid down in *Dracula* and expanded on in *Brides of Dracula*, are generally ignored in *Kiss of the Vampire*, which instead chooses to teep in own supernatural universe.

*Kiss of the Vampire* was followed by Universal's release of *The Evil of Frankenstein*, the third film to feature Peter Cushing as Baron Victor Frankenstein. This time around, Jimmy Sangster and Terence Fisher, the writer-director team behind *The Curse of Frankenstein* (adapted in *Hell 2* and *3*) and *The Revenge of Frankenstein*, were replaced by John Elder (Anthony Hinds) and Freddie Francis. Elder's screenplay drops the close continuity between the first two films (and even contradicts them in its flashback sequence), although Frankenstein still has an assistant named Hane (Sander Eiler) as he did in the

hypnotist who, like the Baron, has just been ordered to leave town. Zoltan is able to revive the creature, but it only responds to his voice. Using his hypnotic control over the creature, Zoltan has it steal gold and murder the burgomaster. Eventually the creature turns on Zoltan and stabs him to death before the castle catches fire and burns to the ground, taking Frankenstein and his creature with it. Hans escapes, along with a deaf-mute girl (Katy Wildy) who was found staring at the creature's frozen body in the mountains.

At this point it is worthwhile to note that both *Kiss of the Vampire* and *The Evil of Frankenstein* were "doctored" for American television. In both cases, violent footage was eliminated, and whole new sequences with American actors were shot in order to give the films exactly the running time required for a two-hour presentation on commercial network television. The added footage in *The Evil of Frankenstein* mainly concerns the deaf-mute girl, whose condition, we are informed, was caused by seeing the creature when she was a child. Suggestions are made that a certain Dr. Freud, who has some expertise in matters of mental difficulties, might be able to cure her. *Kiss of the Vampire* suffered even a worse fate; so much footage was removed (including nearly all of the bat attack) that the title was changed to *Kiss of Evil*. An incredible subplot involving the family of the village woman who sews Ravena's ceremonial robes (!) further demoralized the atmosphere of the film. Attempting to evaluate the film based on a television viewing would be like looking at a photograph of Christopher Lee and trying to guess what he going to look like in *The Curse of Frankenstein*!

Universal also released another Freddie Francis Hammer thriller, *Nightmare* which,



Above: Paul (Richard Patrick) saves himself from petrification by looking at The Gorgon through a mirror. Below: Jennie Linden (as Jennie) discovers the scarified figure of a stranger woman (Cecile Aragon) in her bed one night. From *Nightmare* (1964).

like *Paranoid*, was written by Jimmy Sangster and shot in black and white. An addition to Hammer's series of what Sir James Carreras referred to as "man-bitchcocks", *Nightmare* concerns a young

woman (Jennie Linden) fresh out of an asylum, who returns home and is awakened right after night to find murdered bodies and other unpleasantities in her room, only to be told that she has been dreaming. Once again, the plot twists are the thing, and, while Sangster's revelations were becoming a bit easier to predict, the film still has the power to hold interest throughout.

Next came *The Devil-Skull Pirates*, released in Britain by Associated British-Pathe some months after the film's release (by Columbia) in the USA. Jimmy Sangster stated that he wrote the film for Christopher Lee, who had played the leader of *The Pirates of Blood River* (for which Sangster had written the story, but not the final script). In any case, the role of Captain Roberts was perfect for Lee, who made the most of the opportunities granted him. Don Sharp directed this thrilling tale of a stray Spanish ship under Lee's command which is plundering the English countryside. The English people under attack offer little resistance, and it is discovered that the Spanish Armada has already been defeated. This scene doesn't stop Lee, though—it takes a shipboard battle and a bullet in the chest (which causes Lee to do a spectacular backwards stagger across the deck) to put an end to Lee's reign of terror.

Hammer was back on more familiar



ground with their next two releases, both through Columbia. *The Gorgon* (adapted in *Heft 11* and *12*) marked the first turning of director Terence Fisher with Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee since *The Mummy* (adapted in *Heft 22*) in 1959. John Gilling scripted, from a story by J. Llewellyn Davies, and the film introduced Barbara Shelley in her first leading role for Hammer (her previous films included *The Village of the Damned* and the Hammer-styled *Shadow of the Cat*). Fisher has offered nothing but praise for Miss Shelley, describing her as "a great performer, very emotional, and projecting that emotion to such an extent... the camera photographs thought. Funny thing, the camera—far more selective than the theatre audience, it can be fooled, the camera can't." Fisher obviously paid a great deal of attention to the qualities he saw in Miss Shelley, who gave a flawless performance as Carla Hoffman, the amnesiac nurse possessed by the spirit of an ancient creature. When in gorgon form, the role was played by Neva Hyatt; Miss Shelley said that she had wanted to play the "monster" part herself, but that the shooting schedule did not permit it.

Terence Fisher has also declared his fondness for plots which cover a long time period (*The Curse of the Werewolf*, a Fisher favourite, spanned three generations), and, while *The Gorgon* covers a relatively short timespan, it does chronicle the unfortunate history of a family. Two brothers and their father, apparently all that remains of the Heitz family, meet death in this, the first Hammer Film in which even the hero dies. The method of death is particularly horrifying—the victims are turned to stone—and one of the film's best scenes depicts the gradual death of Professor Heitz (Michael Goodliffe), who attempts to write a letter to his remaining son, Paul (Richard Pasco), before the process of petrification is completed. One problem the film has is that the appearance of the gorgon simply is not horrible enough to make the viewer believe that the mere sight of her will turn mortals to stone. However, the cast and direction forge ahead with such conviction that one can easily go along with the premise.

Fisher's direction emphasises character interplay and the atmosphere of doom at the expense of the script's nominal mystery elements. Time after time, he virtually tells the audience that Carla is the character who harbours the gorgon's spirit by visually making her the only suspect. When Paul is nearly killed in his first near-encounter with the gorgon, the last thing he sees before passing out is the face of the gorgon reflected in a pool; the first thing he sees when he awakens is a hazy (due to his stupefied) vision of Carla's face, as she looks down upon his bedridden figure. And Carla is repeatedly depicted in shots and situations in which her form is made to suggest that of the gorgon.

Although Cushing and Lee share little onscreen time together, they are both in top form, and their first scene together ripples with electricity. Actually, the scene was difficult to perform as they were trying to avoid laughing. It seems that on an early take, Lee referred to Cushing's character, Doctor Namsorff, as "Doctor Nasty Cough", and the actors had great difficulty meeting each other's gaze without laughing after the incident. In an interesting bit of switch-casting, Lee got the role of the educated adversary of evil, while Cushing portrayed the man villainous character. Lee transformed with unbridled enthusiasm, while Cushing played with dignified restraint, suggesting a depth of character which otherwise could not have been conveyed.

*The Gorgon's* companion piece was *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*, which, while borrowing its title from two crimes in the original Universal Mummy series, was an

frontation between brothers, one living, one a living corpse, takes place in an eerily-photographed sewer.

Hammer's first release of 1965, again through Columbia, was *Funeral (Die! Die! My Darling in USA)*. Novelist Richard Matheson (*I Am Legend*, *The Shrinking Man*), fresh from scripting Roger Corman's Edgar Allan Poe adaptations for American International Pictures, based his screenplay on Anne Blaisdell's novel *Nightmare* (a title which Hammer obviously could not use, at this point) Canadian television director Silvio Narizzano directed a cast headed by Talulah Bankhead and Seaford Powers, with then-newcomer Donald Sutherland in a supporting role. A full review of *Funeral* and interview with its director appeared in *Heft 15*.

Unlike Hammer's *Jenny*, Sangster-scripted psychological thriller, *Funeral* was shot in colour. And Matheson pulled a grand rabbit out of the hat with an ending



Dickie Owen (as *The Mummy*) UNDER the London sewer with his captive, Jeanne Roland (as *Anne Marie Dubois*) *Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* (1959)

original story (Hammer had already remade the entire original series into one picture when they made *The Mummy* in 1959). Michael Carreras produced, directed and wrote the film, crediting the screenplay to "Henry Younger"—Carreras' answer to Anthony Hinds' pen name, "John Elder".

The film opens with a solid shock, when a prisoner of an Egyptian cult suddenly has his hand cut off at the end of an extended continuous take. Later, the mummy (Dickie Owen) gets ample opportunity to go on the anticipated rampage, but the most distinctive quality is not its violence. With the mummy lurching about providing the required monster footage, Carreras is able to devote some time to the question of immortality. The mummy's brother (Ronald Howard) has eternal youth, and he is quite fed up with it. Like Anton Drifting in *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*, he sees the dark side of immortality—especially after living for thousands of years. The film's final con-

whose only surprise was that there was no surprise ending! Instead, the film offers a gradual revelation of the facts behind Miss Bankhead's insane behaviour, with none of the abrupt plot twists that Sangster was so fond of. In this way, Matheson was able to develop the plot around his characters, rather than the other way around. All of the shocks developed naturally from the characters and their situations. A full measure of Hammer horror was included, particularly in a sequence in which Miss Powers is strangled with a large pair of scissors which remain embedded in her shoulder throughout the scene.

Hammer broke new ground with their next release, *She* (distributed by Warner-Pathe in Britain and MGM in the USA). With their adaptation of H. Rider Haggard's classic novel of immortality and reformation, Hammer moved into the realm of the spectacle. Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee both had prominent roles in the film, ensuring that regular Hammer



# VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES

## MRS MURPHY'S MURDERS

THINGS  
AREN'T ALWAYS  
THE WAY THEY SEEM.  
ARE THEY? EVEN THE  
MOST TRUTHFUL  
PEOPLE... WILL SEE  
WHAT'S AHEAD IN  
THE TALE  
OF...

IT WAS JUST A  
NORMAL DAY FOR  
MRS MURPHY. SHE DIDN'T  
GET MANY CALLERS,  
BUT, AT 4 O'CLOCK...

MORNING  
MRS MURPHY  
BOARD... I'VE COME  
TO READ THE  
METER...

COME IN,  
MY BOY! IT'S IN  
THE CUPBOARD UNDER  
THE STAIRS... YOU  
CAN CHECK IT  
WHILE I GO TO  
THE KITCHEN...

MRS MURPHY  
WAS VERY  
FOND OF  
VISITORS...

THERE  
WE ARE  
MARRIED  
FINISHED...

FINISHED?  
YES, YES...

INDEED,  
I'VE COULDN'T  
BEAR TO  
SEE THEM  
LEAVE...

AAAUGH!

SHUNK!  
SHUNK!



JUST  
ANOTHER  
MURDER  
DAY...

OH DEAR!  
I CAN'T VERY  
WELL LEAVE  
HIM THERE!  
HE MAKES THE  
PLACE LOOK  
SO UNTIDY...



WITH THE  
HOUSEWORK  
TO DO...

I'LL PUT  
HIM IN THE  
BASEMENT... I'LL  
SEE OUT OF THE  
WAY DOWN  
THERE...



AND HIS  
MURDER  
WAS VERY  
HOUSE-  
PROUD...

SUCH  
A MESSY  
BOY! RAN DY  
BLEEDING ALL  
OVER THE  
FLOOR LIKE  
THAT...



BUT DON'T THINK  
YOU SAID OF  
MRS MURPHY  
SHE WAS AFTER  
ALL AN  
RESPONSIBLE  
CITIZEN...

HELLO,  
POLICE? I  
WONDER IF YOU  
COULD SEND  
SOMEBODY ROUND  
I'VE JUST MURDERED  
THE ELECTRICITY MAN...  
YES, THAT'S RIGHT...  
MRS MURPHY, THE  
ADDRESS IS...

HAD ANYONE  
CO-OPERATED  
WITH THE  
POLICE...



OF COURSE,  
INSPECTOR! I PUT HIM  
IN THE BASEMENT OUT OF  
THE WAY! I'M AFRAID I  
WAS RATHER ROUGH  
THROWING HIM  
DOWN THERE...

NO, MADAM,  
YOU SAY YOU'VE  
MURDERED SOMEONE!  
WOULD YOU CARE TO  
SHOW ME THE BODY?



BUT A THOROUGH  
SEARCH OF  
THE HOUSE  
REVEALED...

NOTHING!  
NO TRACE OF  
A BODY  
ANYWHERE!

NOTHING  
IN THE  
BASEMENT... NO  
ONE'S BEEN  
MURDERED  
HERE,  
SIR...



BUT I  
BID KILL  
HIM!  
INSIP...

MAKE  
YOURSELF  
A NICE CLIP  
OF TEA, MRS  
MURPHY, AND  
CALM DOWN! AND  
NO MORE HOWL  
SAYS... HE DON'T  
LIKE TO HAVE  
POLICE TIME  
WASTED...



AND SO ONE MORNING  
DAY BEHIND TO A  
CLOSED... TO BE  
FOLLOWED BY  
ANOTHER MURDERAL  
DAY...

MILKMAN!  
MAY I HAVE  
YOUR USUAL?

YES, PLEASE!  
I WONDER IF  
YOU'D BE KIND  
ENOUGH TO BRING  
IT THROUGH TO  
THE KITCHEN?  
IT'S MY BACK...  
I CAN'T BEND  
TO PICK UP  
THE BOTTLES.



AND THE MILKMAN WAS AN OBLIVIOUS FELLOW...



NOW, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH YOU, MY BOY? I CAN'T PUT YOU IN THE BASEMENT... MUST BE GETTING NEARLY FULL!



IT DOES CONSCIENTIOUSLY THAN EVER, AND MURPHY DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO CLEAN UP BEFORE THROWING THE POLICE...

YES, THIS IS MRS MURPHY... NO, IT'S DEFINITELY NOT A HOAK!



BUT...



NOW, LISTEN, MRS MURPHY, I'M FED UP WITH THESE FAIRY TALES! YOU HAVEN'T KILLED ANYONE, AND THERE'S NO BODY, AND I'VE NO MORE PATIENCE!



BUT I KILLED HIM! DID I? DID I DID!



TRY TO RELAX, MRS MURPHY. PERHAPS THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED... PERHAPS YOU'VE BEEN SEEING GHOSTS... HERE'S A NICE CUPPA!

SHUT UP, MATTHEW! I WON'T HAVE YOU ENCOURAGING HER HALUCINATIONS! CHIN, WE'RE LEAVING...



POOR MRS MURPHY... ONE WOULD BELIEVE HER.

EXCUSE ME, CONSTABLE.



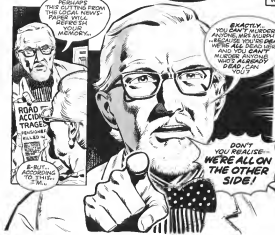
BUT PERHAPS THEY WOULD THIS TIME...

NOT SO MUCH WORSE, DEAR BOY! WHAT'LL THE NEIGHBOURS THINK?



BUT EVEN QUITE A LONG CHAT FAILED TO MAKE MRS MURPHY CHANGE HER MIND

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY LEFT. WE DON'T USUALLY HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, OF COURSE.



ALAS SUCH A MELLISH SURPRISE WAS TOO MUCH FOR POOR MRS MURPHY THE NEXT DAY SHE HANGED HERSELF, AND THEN THE NEXT DAY SHE HANGED HERSELF AGAIN, AND THEN...

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**VERA DAY · WILLIAM FRANKLYN**  
and **CHARLES BOYD**

**II**

Original Story by NIGEL KNEALE  
Screenplay by NIGEL KNEALE and VAL GUEST

Produced by ANTHONY HINDS

Directed by VAL GUEST

A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MICHAEL CARRERAS



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